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# The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

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LONDON, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1888.

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THIRD EDITION.  
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE.  
Saturday Evening.

### LATEST TELEGRAMS.

#### THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

**Severe Fighting.**  
SINGAPORE, October 5.—The third column of General McQueen's expedition, while advancing this morning upon Sumatrabur, on the Black Mountain, had a skirmish with the enemy, in which six men of the Sussex Regiment and two Sepoys were wounded.

7.30 P.M.—No. 4 column of General McQueen's expedition, which is moving along the valley of the Indus, reports severe fighting with the enemy to-day, in which Captain C. H. Beley, of the 25th Bengal Native Infantry, has been killed, and Captain O. C. Bedford, of the 4th Punjab Infantry, and Lieutenant F. J. Cleere, of the Artillery, have been wounded. The column has occupied Katkol, the point upon which it was advancing.

SINGAPORE, October 6, 3.0 p.m.—A telegram received here to-day announces that Colonel A. C. Crookshank, commanding the fourth column of General McQueen's expedition, was severely wounded while making a reconnaissance. The third column of the expedition has occupied the crest of the Black Mountain, after a slight skirmish with the enemy, in which three men of the Sussex Regiment and two Sepoys were wounded.

**THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION.**  
SINGAPORE, October 6.—Colonel Graham, commanding the Sikkim Expedition, reports that energetic action in the interest of peace is being taken by the Chinese Envoy in Tibet.

The Sikkim Rajah has arrived at Gnatong from Chumbi. He desires to visit the Lieutenant-Governor at Darjeeling. His Dewan reports that the Tibetans are thoroughly cowed, and are depending on the Chinese Amban to arrange a settlement and save them from further punishment.

**GENERAL BOULANGER.**  
PARIS, October 6.—The Gaulois this morning contradicts the statement made by several newspapers that General Boulanger was preparing a manifesto.

**PRESIDENT CARNOT.**  
PARIS, October 6.—President Carnot left here at half-past seven this morning on his tour to Lyons, Annecy, and Dijon.

**THE YELLOW FEVER.**  
JACKSONVILLE, October 5.—Fifty-two fresh cases of yellow fever and six deaths have occurred here during the past twenty-four hours.

**THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.**  
OTTAWA, October 6.—General Sherman's statement regarding the relations existing between Canada and the United States is accepted as an intimation by the leading statesmen in Washington that it has been finally decided that Canada must be annexed or fight.

**A NEW P. AND O. STEAMER.**  
There was launched by Messrs. Caird and Co., Greenock, on Saturday, a steel screw steamer of 5,500 tons, named The Peninsular, for the Peninsular and Oriental Company, of London. The vessel is 410ft. long, 48ft. broad, and 37ft. deep. She has accommodation for 175 first-class passengers and thirty-two second-class, and is fitted up for troops between decks, the vessel having been put on Admiralty list.

**A BODY FOUND AT PIMLICO.**  
On Saturday morning the body of a woman was found floating in the Thames off Pimlico Pier. It was conveyed to the mortuary at Embury Bridge, and has since been identified as that of Mrs. Jackson, living in Embury-street, Pimlico. She was seen on Friday night about the neighbourhood, but how she got in the water is a mystery.

**BURNING OF A THEATRE.**  
The old Theatre Royal at Dundee was destroyed by fire on Saturday. It had been used as a music-hall for several years, and was undergoing extensive renovations preparatory to reopening on Monday. The fire broke out shortly before two a.m., and raged fiercely until four o'clock, by which time the building was entirely gutted, and much valuable scenery and property destroyed.

**THE FATAL AFFAIR IN CLARE MARKET.**  
William Dowden, the young man who was accused of causing the death of George Best, in Clare-market, under circumstances previously reported in the People, was brought up at Bow-street on Friday and discharged. Mr. Bridge remarking that the language and action of the deceased justified Dowden in acting as he did.

**FRAUDS ON THE CHARITABLE.**  
Jane Diamond was committed for trial at the Wandsworth Police Court on Friday, on a charge of obtaining money and goods from various persons on the pretence that they were for the Girls' Orphanage, at West Croydon. The police stated that there were numerous cases of a similar character against the prisoner, who had been previously convicted. Even her false hair she had obtained by untrue representations.

**SNOWSTORM IN WALES.**  
A severe snowstorm burst over Denbighshire and Merionethshire on Saturday morning. The Berwyn Mountains are enveloped in snow for many miles.

**PLANTS FOR THE PEOPLE.**  
It is announced that the Commissioners of her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings intend to distribute, this Autumn, among the working classes and the poor inhabitants of London, the surplus bedding-plant plants in Hyde Park and Regent's Park, and in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and the Pleasure Gardens, Hampton Court. If the Clergy, School Committees, and others interested will make application to the superintendent of the park nearest to their respective parishes, or to the director of the Royal Gardens, Kew, or to the superintendent of Hampton Court, in the cases of persons residing in those neighbourhoods, they will receive early intimation of the number of plants that can be allotted to each applicant, and of the time and manner of their distribution.

### THE CANONBURY MURDER.

Prisoner before the Magistrate.

At the Clerkenwell Police Court on Friday, Henry Glennie, aged 24, hot-water fitter, refusing his address, was charged on suspicion of having been concerned with other persons not in custody, in wilfully murdering Frances Martha Wright, aged 71, at 19, Canonbury-terrace, on the 16th of May last. Evidence at previous hearings had been given as to the arrest of the prisoner, and as to the identification of the corpse bag dropped by the man who was seen running away from Canonbury-terrace, as having belonged to the prisoner, he stating that he had sold the bag with some tools to a man whom he did not know in a public-house, and that he could give no further information about them. Evidence had also been given by John Jones, a carman, tending—but not positively—to identify the prisoner with a man whom he had seen walking away from the direction of Canonbury-terrace a short time before the alarm was given. The magistrate then remarked that there was hardly sufficient evidence to detain prisoner, but that as this was so grave a charge he would be remanded. Mr. Poland, instructed by Mr. Freyling, now appeared to prosecute for the Treasury. Mr. Motcalf appeared for the prisoner. Mr. Poland then briefly opened the case. Evidence would, he said, be called which it was expected would show that on the 16th of May Mrs. Wright, the deceased, an aged woman, suffering from heart disease, was alone in the house, 19, Canonbury-terrace. Two men came to the house, of whom it was supposed the prisoner was one, between half past two and three o'clock in the afternoon. One of them carried a carpet bag, such as was commonly used by workmen for carrying their tools.

#### How the Men Got into the House.

They were let into the house, it was supposed, by Mrs. Wright, possibly on the representation that they had come to repair the water fittings or something of that kind. After they were admitted, Mrs. Wright, it was supposed, becoming alarmed, screamed, and was struck by one of the men to prevent her screaming. That was the supposition. She was found lying in the passage of the house. There was believed to have been a third man, who waited outside the house, and went away when the scream was heard. The men appeared to have committed no robbery, although Mrs. Wright had some 41s. in her pocket. These men were seen to leave the house by some French ladies, who lived opposite at No. 1, Alwyns Villas—one lady named Prevost and the other named Chedeville. In consequence of the cries of the ladies went in pursuit and tried to get assistance. The men ran away. She was not able to speak English, and the two men continued running, and made their escape. In running away one of the men threw away the bag which had been produced. Evidence was then called. Police-constable Brown said his attention was called by Madame Chedeville, who came to him on his beat, and tried to make him understand something was wrong at 19, Canonbury-terrace. He got into the house, and found Mrs. Wright lying dead at the foot of the staircase. Dr. Gleewood, of Canonbury-square, detailed the injury of the deceased, which was a bruise on the left eye, as from a hard fall. He did not think it was done by a fall.—Madame Prevost and Madame Chedeville proved seeing two men go into Mrs. Wright's house, but could not recognise the prisoner as one of the men.—The case was then adjourned for a week.

#### THE POPULAR TRAGEDY.

At the Thames Police Court on Friday, Leir Richard Bartlett, 37, a general dealer, of Manchester-road, Poplar, was charged on remand with the wilful murder of his wife Elizabeth, by battering in her head with a hammer, and he was further charged with attempting to commit suicide by cutting his throat. Mr. Sims prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury, and Mr. Waters defended. Owing to the weak state of the prisoner he could not be put into the dock, but sat on a seat close to the solicitors' table.—Emma Mears, a sister of Mrs. Bartlett, stated that on the 18th of August she went to Bartlett's house shortly after nine o'clock. The accused was then half drunk. He had an iron bar in his hand, and ran after his wife round the shop with it. A boy came in and the prisoner aimed the bar at him. He then took the bar off the gate and threw it at his wife. He then took the gate off its hinges and threw it at her. The prisoner had threatened to cut his wife's head off. On the following (Sunday) morning she was called to the house, and on going there found her sister with her throat cut and her head battered in. She died while witness was in the room.—Thomas George Jones, of Stabendale-street, Poplar, said he had been in prisoner's service. He closed the shop on the 18th of August about eleven o'clock, and then went to bed. About 4.30 the next morning (Sunday) the accused came into his bedroom. The witness shared the room with a man named French and a boy named Still. "You will not see me any more alive," he was sober. Half an hour later he returned and shook hands with the witness and French, saying "Good-bye, I've done for the missus, and am going to do for myself." The prisoner then left the room. He had no injury at that time. Soon afterwards he came back again. He had a razor in his right hand, and his throat was cut. He then went into his own room. The witness raised an alarm and went for Dr. Smythe. The prisoner was strange in his manner sometimes, and was known as "Mad Dick, the joker."—Other witnesses having given evidence, Mr. Lushington committed the accused to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court on the charge of wilful murder.

#### AN ALLEGED SWINDLER COMMITTED.

The Canterbury magistrates on Saturday committed for trial a man named Jean Charles Rosen, a German Jew, on charges of giving fictitious cheques and obtaining cash for the amounts. The prisoner has been wanted for a long time past on similar charges at Northampton, Macclesfield, Reading, and other towns, but he managed to elude the police until a few days ago, when he was captured at York, to which town he went after leaving Canterbury. It was proved in evidence that the prisoner had no account at the bank on which he drew his cheques. At Canterbury he agreed to hire two residences of different persons, one on a five years' lease, and a local solicitor was instructed to draw up the deed. In each case he arranged to purchase the fittings, and gave cheques for large amounts, the balances being paid over to him by his victims.

The number of people in Ireland pursuing the avocation of migratory labourers is, according to the agricultural enumerators, 11,728, or 23 per 1,000 of the population according to the census of 1881.

### THE DISCOVERY ON THE EMBANKMENT.

A New Theory.

With regard to the horrible discovery of mutilated remains made in Canonbury, the first idea was that the murderer had climbed an old hoarding in Canonbury, by reason of its loneliness, darkness, and unprotectedness, dragging after him the parcel containing the body, that in the dark he made his way to the darkest and most secret part of the unwatched works, and then picked out, in the darkness, the place which would always be dark. This, however, is now thought to be impossible. It is also considered impossible for any one to have brought the load in at working time through any of the gates where the workmen enter and leave, all these, it must be remarked, being in Canonbury. Equally unlikely was it for any one to have climbed the hoarding in daylight on Saturday afternoon or Sunday when it would only have been possible to have walked across the works, for though there are few people about on those days, there are always some, as Canonbury has a public-house at each end of its short length, and there are always people about in the daytime. On examination of the other sides of the site it was considered equally improbable that the murderer found his way either from the gardens at the rear of Bueloch House or from the west side. Moreover, the hoarding next the Thames Embankment is very high, and the drop from it would be through a cobweb of scaffolding into unknown depths. There is, therefore, only left the road by which the loaded carts enter, and curiously enough this is the nearest way to the recess where the body was found.

#### Supposed to have been Brought in a Cart.

Brought in a cart, and carried as a load across the plank on to the building, its disposal would be easy in the recess, even though workmen were about, for the multitude of these are unobscured of such things as particular parcels being carried, especially if it were wrapped or covered in a cement bag. The murderer, too, could have chosen the dinner hour at which the cart should arrive, if, as is surmised, it was so brought. Upon another point there is no doubt whatever, and that is that the deposit was made by some one intimately acquainted with all the intricacies of the underground part of these works. This fact narrows the examination, and the authorities are not hesitant of touching upon some evidence which will reveal the whole of the fearful crime. An important question has arisen as to the time when the body was placed on the site. It is doubted whether the men who so positively declare that it was not there on Friday are not in some way mistaken—if they had not spoken of one recess without looking into this most remote one.

#### The Victim.

The theory that the victim of the crime was a lady, or, at any rate, a person of good position, which has been asserted, is not much countenanced by the police or doctors. It is much more likely that she was a person of the unfortunate class or a servant. Dr. Neville, the acting divisional surgeon of the B Division of police, adhered to the opinion that the hand showed indications of hard work, the skin being rough and hard, and the finger nails were dirty. The medical men who made the post mortem examination, it is said, are agreed that death took place about five weeks ago, although the detailed result of the autopsy will be kept secret until the inquest on Monday. It is believed that the head had been cleanly cut from the body by a very sharp instrument, and that the victim was a dark complexioned woman, presumed to be about 20 years of age, and in stature 5ft. 7in. or 5ft. 8in.

#### A Leg Found at Guildford.

Detective-inspector Marshall on Friday proceeded to Guildford to bring to London some human remains, discovered near the railway line there. A woman's leg has been found there, and it is stated that it was boiled in the first instance. The limb to be brought to London to be compared by Dr. Bond with the trunk found at Whitehall. It is believed that very important information has been obtained which will shortly lead to the identification of the murdered woman and an arrest. A later telegram from a Guildford correspondent says:—It will be remembered that a right foot and a portion of a left leg from the knee down to the ankle, where it had been severed. The police doctor examined the limbs at the time, and certified them to be human, whilst he also considered them to be those of a woman, but the flesh had either been roasted or boiled. No clue had been found to solve the mystery, but after the discovery at Whitehall Superintendent Berry of the Guildford Borough Police Force, communicated with the authorities at Scotland Yard, with the result that Detective-inspector Marshall, who has the mystery in hand, proceeded to Guildford on Friday, and had the remains delivered. He conveyed them in the evening to London. Inspector Marshall stated that, of course, he could form no opinion as to whether the limbs were part of the trunk referred to above, but on his arrival in London he would immediately take them to Dr. Bond and Dr. Hibbert, by whom they would be carefully examined.

#### SUDDEN DEATH IN A BALL-ROOM.

The county hall at Hamilton, Lanarkshire, was brought to a close on Friday by a sad occurrence. About one o'clock Colonel Aikman fell down on the ball-room floor, and, although medical aid was immediately rendered, he died in a few minutes. The deceased served in the Indian army, and received the Victoria Cross for distinguished conduct during the Indian mutiny.

#### MR. BRADLAUGH'S £2,000.

At the Thames Police Court on Friday, a Mr. Batchard applied to Mr. Lushington under the following circumstances:—Two months ago Mr. C. Bradlaugh, M.P., subpoenaed him as a witness in the Court of Queen's Bench, in the case of Bradlaugh v. Peters. Mr. Bradlaugh was ordered to pay damages and costs. The applicant was kept at the court the whole day at a considerable loss, and he had written to Mr. Bradlaugh both at his private residence and the House of Commons, but he refused to pay him his costs. Hearing from his club that Mr. Bradlaugh was in poor circumstances the applicant let the matter drop, but he now saw in the newspapers that a sum of £2,000 had been subscribed for him. The applicant wished to know if Mr. Bradlaugh was not entitled to pay him his costs? Mr. Lushington said Mr. Bradlaugh was entitled, as well as every one else, to pay an honest debt. The applicant's remedy was to sue him in the county court.

### CHARGE OF DEFRAUDING A THEATRICAL FUND.

Albert Robson was charged at Bow-street on Friday with obtaining a number of letters, the property of the secretary to the Actors' Benevolent Fund, by false pretences. The prisoner, who was arrested at Marlborough-street Police Court, where his wife had been charged with obtaining contributions from actors by fraudulent pretences, was remanded.

#### REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

The annual report of the commissioner of police of the metropolis to the Home Secretary was issued on Saturday. The report is for the year 1887, and its contents are of special interest at the present moment. It states that there was an increase of two superintendents and 168 inspectors over the numbers of the previous year, but a decrease of 89 constables. The number of police available for service in the metropolis is given as 12,460, which includes 28 superintendents, 708 inspectors, 1,174 sergeants, and 10,458 constables. An average of one-eighth of the force is daily on leave. After deducting the casualties, there remained 8,773 police available for duty in the streets. Sixty per cent. of this number is required for night duty, from six p.m. to six a.m. The Metropolitan Police are extended over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, embracing an area of 688 square miles. "It will be seen," the report goes on, "that there is great need for a very considerable augmentation, and this has been so reported by the superintendents." The metropolis paid in rates for police during the year 1887, £272,451, and the Treasury contributed £275,141 to the police fund. The pay of the force was £1,094,377. Since 1849, when the authorised strength of the force was only 5,488, there have been built 500,832 new houses, while 3,483 are in course of erection, 1,833 miles of new streets have been added to the charge of the police, and the population has increased from 2,473,758 to 5,476,447. The commissioner again points out that the rapid increase both of buildings and population of late years has outrun the increase which it has been possible to make to the police force. It will be interesting to a certain class of gentlemen to know that the policeman's truncheon is made of hard cocoon wood. With regard to clubs, the commissioner is of opinion that many of them are little better than unlicensed public-houses, and thinks all clubs should be placed under supervision. The commissioner refers to the "attempts" made by "unruly mobs" to riot in Trafalgar-square, but the proceedings were "successfully opposed by the police." For these and other arduous services the special medals worn by the police were awarded. During the year 939 registered common lodging-houses were under the control of the police, and these accommodated 31,351 lodgers. Of this large number only three keepers of registered houses were summoned and convicted for infringements of the Acts.

#### SUICIDE AND ATTEMPTED MURDER IN CAMDEN TOWN.

On Thursday evening police-constable William Berry, when on point duty outside the Camden Town Station of the North London Railway, was called away by a man who stated that a murder had been committed in Georgiana-street, a thoroughfare communicating with Camden and Great College-streets. On arriving at the house, No. 46, the constable found in a back kitchen the body of a woman, and by her side a little boy, who was vomiting. He at once sent off for medical aid, and Mr. Robinson, assistant to Dr. Forth, of 118, Great College-street, promptly attended, and, upon examining the woman, he pronounced life extinct, and, in his opinion, from exalcal poisoning. This idea was strengthened by the constable finding on the table a liquid form which had contained this poison in a liquid form. The child was evidently suffering from the effects of the same kind of poison, and the doctor ordered its immediate removal to the North-west London Hospital, whither the constable quickly wheeled it in a perambulator. The stomach-pump was used and the usual antidotes administered, and on Friday morning the child was reported to be in a fair way towards recovery. From inquiries afterwards made it was found that the deceased woman's name was Elizabeth Bloxham, aged 24, the wife of a mechanic. She had appeared rather strange in her manner lately, but not sufficient to give her friends any uneasiness. On Thursday she was seen about the house as usual as late as six o'clock in the evening. Half an hour afterwards a friend named Hands, of the St. Paul's-road, paid her a visit, but was unable to enter the room, as the door was locked on the inside. She called the landlord's attention to this fact, and he broke open the door. It was then discovered that the deceased was lying on the floor dead, and at her side was her little boy, Freddy, aged 4, as described above.

#### ABOMINABLE FOOD.

At Southwark Police Court, two tradesmen, Francis Austin and Patrick Sullivan, were summoned before Mr. Wyndham Slade, at the instance of the Bernondsey Vestry, for exposing for sale a quantity of rabbits unfit for human food, in the Bernondsey New-road. It appeared from the evidence of Inspector Thomas that he saw the servants of the defendants selling Ostend rabbits. Those belonging to Austin were decomposed, and he took for condemnation seventeen of them. Sullivan's man had forty-seven; they had a strong smell, but were not so bad as the former lot. He took the whole, and brought them to that court on the following day, when they were condemned by Mr. Sheil, the sitting magistrate.—On behalf of Mr. Austin, Mr. W. Washington, solicitor, attempted to show that the rabbits were of good food, and called a number of witnesses who had purchased from the same parcel, and found the food good on cooking it.—Mr. Davis, solicitor, contended that no offence had been proved against Mr. Sullivan.—Mr. Slade fined Austin £20. As to Mr. Sullivan, he had come to the conclusion that he was not aware that the rabbits, when sold for him, were bad. The case, therefore, differed from the last, and he fined him £10.

#### SEVERE GALES—NINE LIVES LOST

The smack Ruth arrived in Yarmouth Harbour on Friday, having lost three of her crew—the owner's son and two of the hands. They were washed overboard during a gale and drowned. The Shade of Evening smack has also arrived with the loss of one hand—the owner's son.—A Bangor telegram states that through the capsizing of a boat of Colwyn Bay five men, including the chief engineer, of the steamer Tolfarn, of Carnarvon, were drowned on Friday afternoon. It was blowing a gale from the north, with frequent hailstorms.

### THE SPORTING YOUNG LADY ONCE MORE.

Joseph Knott, 33, a man who was stated to hold a cab licence, although for months past he has not got his living as a driver, was charged on remand at the Westminster Police Court on Friday, before Mr. Partridge, with being concerned with a man not in custody in stealing a gold watch, locket, diamond horse-shoe pin, and an umbrella from Mr. John Hawker, gentleman, of 23, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge.—On the 17th of July last the prosecutor got in conversation in a doorway, standing out of the rain, in the neighbourhood of Victoria Station, with a young woman who told him that she had been tricked out of a sum of £3 through a postman, who introduced her to a pseudo betting man. She was to invest her money after being acquainted with the winner of a race, and she did so under pressure at the last moment. Mr. Hawker's sympathies were enlisted, and with a view of championing her cause he made an appointment for the following day, and met her in the same vicinity. The pair saw the postman, but he was closely followed by several respectable hangers-on or loiterers about the station, the prisoner being one. They wanted to know of the prosecutor whether he was going to pay the money the young lady had "lost," and, apparently with the idea of concealing such a fraudulent scheme, he said probably their word was as good as the young lady's, and invited them to drink at his expense. They did, and later on went to another public-house in Lower Belgrave-street, where more refreshment was consumed. The prosecutor said that some rum he had there had a very curious taste, and made him feel giddy. After merely tasting it he left the house by himself, but had walked but 100 yards when he was violently pushed down a circular flight of stone steps into an area by the prisoner and another man, who robbed him and ran off.

#### "She Did a Little Betting."

—Miss Mary Fletcher, residing in Wickerley-road, Lavender Hill, draper's assistant, but not now in a situation, said, in reply to questions from Mr. Partridge, that she did a little betting formerly, but not now. In July, she thought on the 18th, a postman named Barnes introduced himself to her, and told her that all her money was a horse called "Hollyhock." He told her that he would bring "a gentleman" who would take her money.—Mr. Partridge: Did he afterwards bring the gentleman?—The Witness: Yes, next day.—Mr. Partridge: Do you know the man?—The Witness: The postman does, and would not tell me who he is.—Constable 250 B: He is a welsheer, your worship. (Laughter.)—The Witness: Yes, no doubt. I lost £9. I don't think they knew that the horse had won. I put £3 down, and the starting price was 4 to 1. I did not want to part with my money at the last minute, but the postman said if I did not hand over the money he would take it from me. I handed it to the "gentleman" with him, and I never got a farthing of it back.—Mr. Partridge: What took place on the 18th July?—The witness: That was two or three days afterwards. The prisoner and another "one-eyed" man came up and pretended I owed them money. The prisoner said, "She owes me 16s. for a bet." I never made a bet with him in my life. The prosecutor left me because the prisoner pushed me away. The next morning when I met the prosecutor he had been robbed.—A barmaid at the Plumber Arms public-house, Lower Belgrave-street, proved that the prisoner and the one-eyed man followed the prosecutor until he was robbed.—Mr. Partridge committed the prisoner for trial to the Central Criminal Court for highway robbery with violence, and in answer to an appeal made by a shoeblack at Victoria, who had given evidence, for protection, said that any one who threatened him would be severely punished and arrested on a warrant.

#### AN IMPERTINENT COOK.

Before Judge Powell, at the Woolwich County Court on Thursday, a cook named Vincent summoned Major Fielden, residing at Stanhope, Charlton, for £2 18s. 10d. wages, in lieu of notice.—She said she entered the defendant's service as cook at 417 a year, and all found. After she had been there three weeks her mistress went down to the kitchen (the plaintiff referring to it as "my kitchen"). She did not think that Mrs. Fielden had any right to go into the kitchen and pull things about, and said to her, "Am I to do the work, or will you? If I am cook, please go out."—His Honour (surprised): Has a mistress no right to go into her own kitchen?—The Plaintiff: I was engaged to do the cooking, and she had no right to interfere and make the kitchen in a muddle.—The Judge: What did your mistress say when you asked her to leave the kitchen?—The Plaintiff: She said that if I had anything to say, to wait until the major returned to lunch. On returning the major said she had been impertinent to her mistress, and must leave the house before four o'clock.—In answer to Mr. Burnett, who appeared for the defendant, the plaintiff said she refused to do the work until her mistress left the kitchen, and Mrs. Fielden had to trim the launds herself.—Mrs. Fielden said she had paid the three weeks' wages into court. On the occasion referred to, she went down to the kitchen and found it untidy. On mentioning it to the plaintiff, she said, "Go out of my kitchen. You are no lady to come into a servant's kitchen." She left the room, asking her as she did so if she was going to get the major's luncheon, to which she replied that she would do what she liked, and work when she chose.—Major Fielden having given evidence, his honour gave judgment for the defendant, and said that if the major had not paid the three weeks' wages into court, he should not have made an order for him to do so. It was a monstrous thing for servants to suppose that a mistress, or any member of the family, was not to go into the kitchen or other rooms in a house. Such a notion was contrary to law and common sense. He should dismiss the summons, with costs.

#### FATALITY ON THE RAILWAY.

A man named Walter Skinner, a native of Taunton, in the employ of the Great Western Railway Company, while returning from his work at Tisbury station on Friday, was knocked down and fatally injured.

At Ramsgate on Thursday a special session was held for the trial of important fishery cases. Charles Cribbens, of the smack Champion, was charged with an offence under the International Fishery Laws, in having cut the nets of the Belgian smack Mercurius, Antonio Ryce, master, in the North Sea, on February 5th. Mr. Edward Seve, Belgian Consul-general, watched the case on behalf of his Government. The defendant was convicted, and fined £175, including costs.

## "OVERBOARD."

When I was a young fellow of seventeen I was a passenger on board the good ship *Epiphany*, barque rigged, and bound for Jamaica. She was commanded by one Captain Saunders, known in Kingston and Port Royal as "Handsome Dick."

It was my first voyage, and my first start in life, and I was, as I fondly imagined, going out to the West Indies to make my fortune. This, as I was only engaged to fulfil the arduous, and not over-valued, duties of a bookkeeper on a sugar estate, was, as I afterwards discovered, somewhat a stretch of imagination.

Previous to my starting, to my infinite disgust, I was tearfully committed by my mother to the captain's care, with a request that he would restrain his hospitality in the matter of wine and spirits, and, as I was of a rather adventurous disposition, see that I did not fall overboard.

Let us now suppose that the voyage has commenced, and that after undergoing the infliction of a head wind in the Channel, with its concomitant sea-sickness, the tossing and buffeting of the Bay of Biscay, and the languor of the "horse latitudes," we have entered the region of the tropics, and, with a favouring breeze, are speeding on towards the beautiful islands which stud the Caribbean Sea.

"Running down the Trades," in a fine ship, with studding sails on both sides, is the most enjoyable mode of progression I have ever known. Nothing could be more delightful than the weather. The ship travelled on an even keel; we sat under an awning that sheltered us from the heat of the sun. The sky was cloudless and of a deep cerulean blue, while the ocean, just lapped into motion by a fresh but propitious breeze, looked like a sea of beryl flecked with white wavelets. But the evenings in tropical seas are, if anything, more beautiful and more enjoyable than the day. The atmosphere is warm, but not oppressive. The sunsets are gorgeously beautiful there as the night advances. The translucent beauty of the sky with its myriads of stars is quite entrancing. Then come showers of falling stars and brilliant meteors, accompanied by the most vivid lightning, all of which were so new and strange to me, that I often sat up the best part of the middle watch to look at them.

The sight of land to the hungry eye of the voyager, who has not seen anything but sky and water for many weeks, is like food to the starving. Experience alone can give any idea of the excitement caused by the near approach to land; but when the expected land is a tropical one, with its exquisite foliage and its magnificent scenery, the pleasure is heightened and the excitement more intense.

I had retired to my bed with what the sailors call "the land fever" strong upon me, and accordingly had passed a restless night. The following morning I turned out at daylight, as being expected that we should sight the land shortly after sunrise.

When I arrived on deck the grey dawn was waning, a soft and amethyst tint was spreading itself over the heavens; the watch was preparing to wash decks. To avoid a ducking, I betook myself to the rigging, and, glass in hand, mounted to the main-top-gallant cross-trees, from whence I could obtain a clear view of the horizon on all sides, with the exception of that portion shut out by the head sails. Few persons have an opportunity of seeing the beauties of early morning; but fewer still have witnessed the glories of a sunrise in the Atlantic, and those who have find it difficult to outdo all its beauties. By the time I had reached my perch the sky had become suffused with a ruddy glow, while, in the east, a red halo marked the spot of the coming luminary, from whence a series of rosy tulle beams spread themselves over the whole arch of heaven.

Almost at the same moment there was a cry of "Land, ho!" which drew my attention in an opposite direction. It was a strange but impressive sight that met my view. At first it was indistinct and visionary, but as the ship advanced and the sky cleared it became more distinct, resting on a cloud, embosomed in a sea of vapour, was a mountain, its lofty peaks and ridges clothed to the very summit with trees, tipped with burnished gold. Below it was a range of dark clouds, so that it appeared like a vision, a peep into heaven or fairy land, so startling and unreal was its aspect. The eastern portion of the heavens was now becoming radiantly beautiful. As the sun approached the verge of the horizon his immediate vicinity was deeply dyed with crimson and saffron—the whole sky, and a host of clouds which sprang forth, as it were, to herald his approach, exhibiting a variety of the most gorgeous, prismatic tints, which increased in brilliancy till the sun's orb rose, as with a bound, out of the sea. Then, as if by magic, his golden rays fluted the sea, the mists, which had partially enveloped the wave, lifted, and then dispersed, and a scene of indescribable brightness, one of the most splendid effects of light and colour that the eye of man ever rested on, broke upon my view—a sea of beryl ablaze with golden wavelets, the heavens forming a magnificent canopy of azure, flecked with clouds tinged with the most vivid colours.

Away westward the scene was changing as rapidly as in a dream. The clouds which shrouded the shore were now gradually clearing, and the dark coastline appeared. As the veil rose higher and higher, new objects were disclosed, till at last the island of Montserrat in all its picturesque proportion lay before me, its precipitous mountains rising sheer out of the sea, their summits lost in the clouds.

A stiff breeze was carrying us rapidly onward, and each moment disclosed fresh objects of interest to my view. Two other islands were in sight—Antigua, with its high and rocky shore, indicated with bays and creeks, and showing peaks of vivid verdure; and the opening in its magnificent cliffs, which away on the coast had, looming like a vast continent, its dark ridges soaring up to the heavens, slept the great island of Guadalupe.

I descended from my perch, and when I reached the quarter deck I found Captain Saunders and some of my fellow-passengers on deck, and I congratulated him on making so grand a landfall.

Presently a large bird which had been hovering over the ship settled on the main-top-sail yard.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Turner.

"A booby," replied the skipper. "There are thousands of them down in Redonda. They call it Booby Island."

"Ha!" exclaimed another passenger, who, it appeared, had a fancy for bird-stuffing. "I should like to get him as a specimen. Do you think we could shoot him?"

"If you wish it I will try," answered Captain Saunders. "Here steward," he went on, putting his head down the companion, "bring up my gun, the powder, and shot-belt."

The bird remained perfectly stationary while the gun was loaded. It was sitting about halfway between the masts and the yardarm, and it appeared doubtful to me, if shot from the deck, whether it would fall overboard. I called the skipper's attention to this.

"I'll take him from the main chains," was his reply.

Balancing himself in the chains, he took aim and fired. The bird dropped into the water, but, either from the recoil of the gun or a slight roll of the ship, Captain Saunders lost his balance and after a vain effort to grasp the rigging fell backwards into the sea. For a second or two all stood petrified. The man at the wheel was the first to recover his senses, and shouted, "A man overboard!"

Mr. Sladden, the mate, ran aft, shouting to the second mate to get the quarter-boat out. All was hurry and confusion, the ship was sailing about ten or twelve knots, and before the boat could be lowered the skipper was a long way astern.

The lower studding-sails were clewed up, the lower yards braced forward, and the vessel was induced to heel till her bowsprit was aback, when the skipper became almost stationary. By this time the boat

was lowered, the four oars were simultaneously dipped into the water, and the second mate, standing in the stern sheets, steered in the direction of the captain, or rather, in that he imagined he was.

"Can any one see the captain?" shouted Mr. Sladden.

At first there was no answer, though there were more than a dozen eyes scanning the sea in all directions. Then came, "No, sir," from all.

"He must be all right," said the man at the wheel, "the last time I saw him he was swimming like a fish."

"Go up on the foreward somebody, and take a look ahead," called out the mate.

"Hark!" I said, as a faint sound like a "Hallo!" caught my ear. "What's that?"

"I did not hear anything," answered the mate. The excitement was intense. Captain Saunders was beloved by all hands; he was known to be a strong swimmer, and the only way of accounting for his disappearance was that he had been seized by a shark. The suggestion struck us all with horror.

Meantime, the boat was pulling about in an aimless sort of way, the second mate gestulating for directions from the ship. Suddenly the men bent to their oars, and she was urged rapidly forward. Presently the bow oars were unshipped and the men stood up; then they ceased rowing and backed water. The man in the bow made a dash at something and hauled it inboard.

"They've picked up something, but it ain't the captain," called out the look-out on the main-yard.

And now again that faint "Ahoi! ahoi!" came floating down from windward.

"Foreward, there!" shouted the mate, "did you hear that?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "There he is, away on the port-bow."

I was up on the foreward in a crack. "No harm done," said the man. "There he is, swimming fine."

"Thank God!" I replied. "I thought we had lost him!"

Suddenly the mainyards were swung, and the ship began to travel toward him.

"What are those two dark objects bearing down upon him?" I asked.

"Sharks," replied the man sententiously. We were drawing very near to him, nearer and nearer every minute, but it soon became evident that the vessel was moving so fast to leeward that we should not reach him. Mr. Sladden had seen this also, and now the mainyards were again lowered, and the stern-boat was manned and backed.

"Pull for your lives, men!" I shouted, "do you see those sharks?"

The ensuerothecall, and the boat was propelled through the water at a rate I had thought impossible. It was just a race between the sharks and the boat. Which will win?

Evidently the captain did not know of the dangerous proximity of his enemies, for he was swimming slowly, as though he was getting exhausted.

Meantime, the quarter-boat that had first started had sighted the captain, but she was not pulling towards him. Now the second mate had also sighted the sharks, and was pulling across their course, with a view to intercept them.

The men were all doing their utmost, but it almost seemed as though the sharks were getting the best of it. For an instant it appeared as though you might cover the whole—bats, cat, and spooks with a pocket-handkerchief.

The men in the quarter-boat pulled like giants. "Hurrah! well done! well done!" I shouted, as she dashed at the sharks, and turned them from their course. The next instant the captain was hauled into the gig, and a ringing cheer from all hands rent the sky.

The boats are pulling slowly back, and the sharks have disappeared. Three tremendous cheers greet Captain Saunders as he ascends the deck.

"Thank you ladies! thank you," he said, as he put his foot on the deck. "I am very glad to be back among you. I don't think I shall want to try shooting boobies from the main rigging again. Square away, Mr. Sladden, and, steward, you can serve me breakfast. I'm as hungry as a hunter after my swim."

Saying this, the skipper dived below, and changed himself with an expedition unknown to all mankind, except sailors, and in a few minutes was seated at the breakfast table.

"Well," he said, when the meal was concluded, "this has been a stirring morning; I don't think I shall forget it. I could see, when I rose after my first plunge, that I was in for a swim; so the first thing I did was to turn on my back and pull off my boots. As soon as I had got rid of them, I divested myself of my jacket, trousers, and waistcoat. By this time the ship had run about half a mile to leeward, and was slowly coming up into the wind. When she was aback she had as nearly as possible described a circle, and I was something like a mile and a half off on the port bow. I had seen the boat lowered, and my heart sank within me as I saw her pulling in almost an opposite direction. I rose up, trembling, as I did so, and shouted as I then shouted before, but I suppose it did not reach you. For no notice was taken of it. I don't know how long I was in the water, but to me it seemed an age. How long was it, steward?"

"Three-quarters of an hour, sir."

"Three-quarters of an hour only—to me it seemed like three-quarters of a century. I thought, when I saw Ross menningder about in quite an opposite direction, that my case was a hopeless one, but I can't say I was resigned to my fate, and I know it was not a blessing that I invoked on Sladden and the whole lot of you. Every now and again I shouted, but no notice was taken of me. I swam on slowly, for I knew my only chance was not to fatigue myself, and get into a flurry. After a time, I howled again, and this time I was heard, and I thank God, for the mainyard was ordered, and I thought I was safe. You see I knew nothing of these horrible sharks."

T. E. SOUTHERN.

**IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE CONVENTION.**  
The annual convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain was held on Saturday at Birmingham Town Hall, when Mr. T. P. O'Connor presided, and about 364 delegates and others attended, including Messrs. J. G. Biggar, M.P. (vice-president), and J. D. Sullivan, Joseph Solan Conway, J. Foley, and J. F. O'Brien, M.P.s. The report showed that there were now 335 branches; that the income had risen to £22,798, and that the membership was 32,777.

"Heddlity, ennyway, and courage with which Mr. Gladstone and other leaders, and the rank and file of the Liberal party, have fought for the Irish cause." The report was adopted, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Biggar were re-elected president and vice-president respectively. Manchester was fixed as the place for next year's meeting. In the evening a public meeting was held, at which Mr. T. P. O'Connor delivered a speech, prophesying the speedy overthrow of the Conservatives. He declared that the Irish party had been grossly misrepresented as an enemy of the British Empire, whereas it offered friendship and co-operation, a solid and enduring alliance for ever and ever between Ireland and the English people.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, who followed, described Mr. Chamberlain as an appetite politician, a treacherous colleague, a faithless friend, who would be left to be dealt with by the justice of public opinion.—*See columns of conference in Mr. Gladstone's policy and Mr. Parnell were passed.*

The Temple Church, which has been closed for the Long Vacation, will be re-opened for divine service on Sunday.

New Review Appointments.—Suffragan and are themselves a list of appointments, and persons by being properly fitted with Mr. B. H. Harnes's new perfect appliances. Examinations free by a most experienced and skillful surgeon as Harnes's. (See page 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

## GHASTLY DISCOVERY ON THE EMBANKMENT.

### A Mutilated Body Found.

Between three and four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon a carpenter named Frederick Wildborn, was working on the foundation of the new police office buildings, in course of erection on the site of the opera house on the Embankment, when he came across a neatly done up parcel, which was secreted in one of the cellars. Wildborn, in search of timber when he found the parcel, which was tied up in paper, and measured about two and a half feet long by about two feet in width. It was opened, and the body of a woman, very much decomposed, was found carefully wrapped up in a piece of cloth, which was minus the head, both arms, and both legs, and presented a ghastly spectacle. The officials of the works were immediately apprised of the discovery, and the police were fetched. Dr. Bond, the divisional surgeon to the A Division, and several other medical gentlemen were communicated with, and subsequently examined the remains, which were handed over to the care of some police officers, who were told off to see that it was not disturbed. From what can be ascertained the conclusion has been arrived at by the medical men that these remains are those of the woman whose arms have recently been discovered.

### Is it the Pimlico Body?

Dr. Nevill, who examined the arm of a woman found a few weeks ago in the Thames, off Ebury Bridge, said on that occasion that he did not think that it had been skillfully taken from the body, and this fact would appear to favour the theory that that arm, together with the one found in the grounds of the Blind Asylum in the Lambeth-road last week, belong to the same person. Dr. Bond, who is stated to have been taken off in anything but a skilful manner from the body found on Tuesday. The building which is in course of erection is the new police depot for London, the present scattered headquarters of the metropolitan police force and the Criminal Investigation Department in Great Scotland Yard and Whitehall-place having been found too small for the requirements of our police system. The builders have been working on the site for some considerable time now, but have only just completed the foundation. It was originally the site for the National Opera House, and extends from the Thames Embankment to the back of St. Stephen's Church and the Westminster Bridge Station on the District Railway. The vault is about 24ft. by 30ft. in size, and 12ft. or 13ft. deep, and it is nearly covered over with loose planks, the ground showing only a small space at each end. The trunk must have been carried either from the Embankment or from Cannon-row. It certainly could not have been thrown over to where it lay from either roadway. Its general appearance, indeed, indicated rather that it had been carefully placed where it was subsequently found. It is

### Simply Astonishing

that any man could have carried such an offensive burden through the public street without attracting attention, and it is still more extraordinary how it could have been taken into the vault without discovery. The route from Cannon-row to the vault is a difficult one, a hoarding some 7ft. or 8ft. high would have to be climbed, and the ground is of a very broken character. From the Embankment side the hoarding is about the same height, and to reach the vault one must actually pass through the building in course of erection, and round and about where several policemen are constantly patrolling. It is more reasonable to assume that the vault was gained from Cannon-row, and in that case it seems pretty certain that more than one person was concerned in the disposal of the parcel. One man probably climbed to the top of the hoarding with the assistance of his accomplice, from whom he then ran over the parcel, dropped it on the inner side, and then let himself down after it. The other man presumably kept watch while his confederate disposed of the remains. How the men could have known of the existence of the vault is not clear, for strangers are not admitted to the works. Possibly, the original intention was to place the remains in some out-of-the-way corner in the works, and that they were only taken to the vault after that obviously desirable place of concealment had been accidentally discovered. The remains have been placed in spirit at the Westminster mortuary.

### The Post Mortem Examination.

On Wednesday morning, Dr. Thomas Bond, surgeon to the A Division of Metropolitan Police, went to the mortuary in Millbank-street, Westminster, where, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hibberd, of Westminster Hospital, he carefully examined the trunk which was discovered on the site of the new police offices, near Cannon-row, on Tuesday afternoon. The post mortem examination lasted nearly two hours. It is stated that the decomposition had far advanced to allow the doctors to form an opinion as to whether the remains were those of a fair person, but they agreed upon this, that the deceased was a very fine woman, and that the body was exceedingly well nourished. The lower extremities had been cut off, the missing portions including a part of the lower intestine. The medical gentlemen believe that six weeks have elapsed since the body was mutilated. After giving directions for the trunk to be replaced in spirits of wine, Dr. Bond proceeded to the Home Office for the purpose of placing his notes at the disposal of the authorities for their guidance at the inquest, which will be opened by Mr. John Troutbeck, the district coroner, at the Westminster Sessions House, on Friday, the 10th of October next. The doctor made Wednesday's examination under most trying circumstances, for, added to the bad condition of the remains, there were in the mortuary the bodies of the woman who was murdered by her husband in Westminster on the 29th ult., of a man who had committed suicide by hanging, and of a woman who was killed on the 30th ult. by a boiler explosion.

### Fitting on the Arm.

In the afternoon, acting under an order signed by the coroner, the keeper of the mortuary at Ebury Bridge conveyed the arm which was found in the Thames on the 11th ult. at Pimlico to the Westminster mortuary, where Dr. Hibberd and Detective-inspector Marshall were waiting. The trunk was then placed on one of the tables, and the medical gentlemen found that the arm fitted it exactly, the jagged edges of the flesh corresponding in every part. So far from the contour of the arm denoting that it belonged to person of good position in life, Dr. Thomas Nevill, the surgeon, who was first called upon to examine the limb, thought it was that of a woman who had been engaged in domestic or other work, the fingers being thick and the nails badly kept. However that may be, a discovery was

## DEVIL IN THE BARBER.

By B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "GREAT PORTER SQUARE," "THE NINE OF HEARTS," "THE TRAGEDY OF FEATHERSTONE," "MISER FAREBROTHER," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

WE FOLLOW IN PURSUIT.

Carton, noticing my discomposure, inquired if there was anything wrong. I answered, yes, I was afraid there was something very wrong.

"In connection with the fate of my poor girl?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "in connection with her fate."

"Great heavens!" he cried. "You surely do not suspect that my guardian mixed up with it?"

"I am of the opinion," I answered guardedly, "that he may be able to throw some light on it."

Mr. Carton, ask me no further questions, or you may seriously hamper me. Have you a time-table in the house? No! Then we must obtain one immediately. It is my purpose to follow your guardian to Margate by the quickest and earliest train. I give you five minutes to get ready."

Greatly excited, he darted from the room, and in half the time I had named returned, with a small bag, into which he had thrust a few articles of clothing. During his absence I said to Devlin, "You will accompany us?"

"My dear sir," he replied, "I will go with you to the ends of the earth. I shall greatly enjoy this pursuit; the vigour and spirit you are putting into it are worthy of the highest admiration."

We three went out together, and at the first book-shop I purchased an "A B C," and ascertained that the next train to Margate was the 5.15 from Victoria, which was timed to arrive at 7.31. Calculating that it would be a few minutes late, we could, no doubt, reach Aethelstan-road at half past eight. I had time to run home to my wife, and embrace her and my children; it was necessary, also, that I should furnish myself with funds, there being very little money in my purse, and I determined to use the one hundred pounds which Mr. Portland had left with me. Employed as I was, the use of this money was justifiable. Hailing a hansom we jumped into it, Carton sitting on Devlin's knee, and we soon reached my house.

In a few words as possible I explained to my wife all that was necessary, kissed her and the children, took possession of the hundred pounds and a light bag in which my wife had put a change of clothing, left a private message for Mr. Portland, and rejoined Devlin and Carton, who were waiting for me in the hansom. I asked my wife but two questions—the first, how Mr. and Mrs. Melladew were, the second, whether anything had been heard of the missing daughter, Mary. She told me that the unhappy parents were completely prostrated by the blow, and that no news whatever had been heard of Mary.

We arrived at Victoria Station in good time, and by the aid of a judicious tip I secured a first-class compartment, into which, the guard assured me, no one should be admitted. I had a distinct reason for desiring this privacy. There were subjects upon which I wished to talk with Richard Carton, and I could not do so in the presence of my wife.

I said nothing to him of this in the cab, the noise of the wheels making conversation difficult. We should be two hours and a half getting to Margate, and on the journey I could obtain all the information I desired. We started promptly to the minute, and then I requested Carton to give me his best attention. He and I sat next to each other, Devlin sitting in the opposite corner. He threw himself back, and closed his eyes, but I knew that he heard every word that passed between me and Carton.

"I am going to ask you a series of questions," I said to the young man, "not one of which shall be asked from idle curiosity. I want to know the exact date when you came to Margate. Explain how it is that Mr. Kenneth Dowsett is your guardian."

"I lost both my parents," replied Carton, "when I was very young. Of my mother I have no remembrance whatever; of my father but little. He and Mr. Dowsett were upon the most intimate terms of friendship; my father had such confidence in him that when he drew out his will he named Mr. Dowsett as his executor and my guardian. I was to live with him and his wife, and he was to see to my education. He has faithfully fulfilled the trust my father reposed in him."

"Did your father leave a large fortune?"

"Roughly speaking, I am worth two thousand pounds a year."

"Mr. Dowsett, having to receive you in his house as a son and to look after your education, doubtless was in receipt of a fair consideration for his services?"

"Oh yes. Until I was twenty-one years of age he was to draw six hundred pounds a year out of the funds invested for me. The balance accumulated for my benefit until I came of age."

"He drew this money regularly?"

"Yes, as he was entitled to do."

"How old are you now?"

"Twenty-four."

"You are living still with Mr. Dowsett, and you still regard him as your guardian?"

"I have a great affection for him; he has treated me most kindly."

"What do you pay him for your board and lodging?"

"He continues to receive the six hundred a year. It is all he has to depend on."

"Was this later arrangement of his own proposing or yours?"

"Of mine. I cannot sufficiently repay him for his care of me."

"In your father's will, what was to become of your fortune in the event of your death?"

"If I died before I came of age my guardian was to have the six hundred a year, and the rest was to be given to various charities."

"And after you came of age?"

"It was mine absolutely, to do as I pleased with."

"Have you made a will?"

"Yes."

"Who proposed that?"

"My guardian."

"What are the terms of this will?"

"I have left everything to him. I have no relatives, and no other claims upon me."

"When I came to see you this afternoon you mentioned a name which was new to me. You said that your guardian had gone to Margate with his wife and 'Letitia.' I supposed he was married, and your speaking of Mrs. Dowsett did not surprise me. But who is Letitia?"

"Their daughter."

"An only child?"

"Yes."

"What is her age?"

"Twenty-two."

"Has she a sweetheart? Is she engaged to be married?"

"No."

"That answer seems to me to be given with constraint."

"Well," said Carton, "it is hardly right, is it, to go so minutely into my guardian's private family affairs?"

"It is entirely right. I am engaged upon a very solemn task, and I can see, probably, what is hidden from you. Why were you partly disinclined to answer my last question?"

"It is a little awkward," replied Carton, "because, perhaps, I am not quite free from blame."

"Explain your meaning. Believe me, this may be more serious than you imagine. Speak frankly. I am acting, indeed, as your true friend."

"Yet, after all," said Carton, with hesitation, "I never made love to her. I gave you my honour."

"Made love to whom? Miss Dowsett?"

"Yes. The fact is, they looked upon it as a settled thing that I was to marry Letitia. I did not know it at the time; no, though we were living in the same house for many years, I never suspected it. I always looked upon Letitia as a sister, and behaved affectionately towards her. They must have put a wrong construction upon it. When they discovered that I was in love

with my poor Letitia, Mr. Dowsett said to me, 'It will break Letitia's heart.' Then I began to understand, and I assure you I felt remorseful. Letitia did not say anything to me, but I could see by her looks how deeply she was wounded. Once my guardian made the remark, 'That if I had not met the young lady—meaning Letitia—his most joyful hope would have been realised,' meaning by that that when I saw that Letitia loved me I might have grown to love her, and we should have been married. I said, I remember, that it might have been, for he seemed to expect something like that from me, and I said it to console him. But it was not true; I could never have loved Letitia except as a sister."

"Did your guardian know the name of the poor girl you have lost?"

"Oh, yes. He met us first when we were walking together, and I introduced him. We had almost a quarrel, my guardian and I, some time afterwards. He said that Miss Melladew was beneath me, and that it would be better if I married in my own station in life. I was hurt and angry, and I begged him to retract his words. Beneath me! She was as far above me as the highest lady in the land could have been. She was the best, the brightest, the purest girl in the world. And I have lost her! I have lost her! What hope is there left to me now?"

He covered his face with his hands, and I waited till he was calm before I spoke again.

"In my hearing," I then said, "you have twice made a remark which struck me as strange. It was to the effect that you would not allow your guardian to give you any more opiate."

"He gave me one last Friday night before I went to bed—on the night my poor Letitia was killed. I was excited because I think I told you, sir, that it was decided between Letitia and me that I should go to her father's house on Sunday, to ask permission to pay my addresses openly to her. Till then I was not to see her again, and that made me restless. My guardian was anxious about me, though he did not know the cause of my restlessness and excitement. To please him I took the opiate, and slept soundly till late in the morning; and when I woke, sir—when I woke and went out to buy a present for Letitia, which I intended to take to Letitia on Sunday, almost the first thing I heard—"

"He quite broke down here, and a considerable time elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered to continue the conversation."

"Supposing," I said, "that this dreadful event had not occurred, and that you and poor Letitia had been happily married, would you have continued to give your guardian the income he had enjoyed so long?"

"I do not know—I cannot say. Perhaps not; although I never considered the question. But on the day that I left his house for the home I dreamt and hoped would be mine, the home in which Letitia and I would have lived happily together, I should have given him something handsome, and I am sure I should always have been his friend. I ought not, perhaps, now that we have gone so far, to conceal anything from you."

"Indeed you ought not. Tell me everything; it may help me."

"I am sure," said the young fellow, with deep feeling, "that he did not mean it, and that he intended only to comfort me. But it made me mad. He hinted that my poor Letitia could not have been true to me, that she must have had another lover whom she was in the habit of meeting late at night. If any other man had dared to say as much I should have killed him. But my guardian meant no harm, and when he saw how he had wounded me, he begged my pardon humbly. I am sure, I am sure, he repented that he had breathed a suspicion against my poor girl!"

"Pardon me," I said, "for asking you a question which, in any other circumstances, would not cross my lips; but it will be as well for me to put it to you. You yourself had no appointment with her on that night?"

"No," cried Carton, indignantly, "as heaven is my judge! I never met her, I never proposed to meet her, at such a hour!"

"I am certain of it. And yet—receive this calmly, if you can—and yet she must have gone out late on that night for some purpose or other."

"There is the mystery," said Carton mournfully, "and I have thought and thought about it without being able to find a key to it. There must have been a trap set for her—a devilish trap to ensnare her."

"I think so myself. Otherwise, it is not likely she would have left her home, as she must have done, secretly. Now, a word or two about Mrs. Dowsett and Letitia. When you woke up on Saturday morning you found that they had gone to Margate?"

"Yes."

"Did you know on the day before that they were going?"

"No, nothing was said about it. It was quite sudden."

"Was Mrs. Dowsett or her daughter ill? Did they go into the country for their health?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Were they in the habit of going away suddenly?"

"Oh, no; they had never done so before."

"What explanation did your guardian give?"

"He said that Letitia had been suffering in secret for some time, and that her mother thought a change would do her good."

"Did he tell you where they had gone to?"

"No, he did not mention the place. I learnt it from one of the servants."

"So that afterwards he was forced to be frank with you?"

"I don't understand you."

"Reflect. When you rose on Saturday morning you found that Mrs. Dowsett and her daughter had gone away suddenly. You knew nothing at that moment of poor Letitia's death, and therefore had nothing to trouble you. Did it not strike you as strange that your guardian did not mention the part of the country they had gone to? Or, if your mind being greatly occupied with the arranged interview with Mr. and Mrs. Melladew on the following day, you did not then think it strange that your guardian said nothing of Margate—do you not think so now?"

"Yes," answered Carton, thoughtfully, "I do think so now."

"How did you learn that Mrs. Dowsett was stopping at 28, Aethelstan-road?"

"By accident. My guardian opened a letter this morning, and a piece of paper dropped from it. I picked it up, and as I gave it to him I saw 28, Aethelstan-road written on it. Is that where Mrs. Dowsett and Letitia are stopping?" I asked, and he answered, "Yes."

"So that it was not directly through him that you learnt the address?"

"No; but I don't see that it is of any importance."

"It was not my cue to enter into an argument, therefore I did not reply to this remark. I had gained from Carton information which, lightly as he regarded it, I deemed of the highest importance. There was, however, still something more which I desired to speak of, but which I scarcely knew how to approach. After a little reflection I made a bold plunge."

"Is your fortune under your own control?"

"Yes."

"Do you keep a large balance at your bank?"

"Pretty fair; but just now it does not amount to much. Still if you want any—"

"I do not want any. Am I right in conjecturing that there is a special reason for your balance being small just now?"

"There is a special reason. On Saturday morning, before I left home, I drew a large cheque—"

"Which you gave to your guardian?"

"How do you know that?" asked Carton, in a tone of surprise.

"It was a guess. What was the amount of the cheque?"

"Two thousand pounds."

"Payable to 'order' or 'bearer'?"

"To 'bearer.' It was for two investments which Mr. Dowsett recommended. That was the reason for the cheque being made payable to 'bearer,' to enable my guardian to pay it to two different

firms. He said both the investments would turn out splendidly, but it matters very little to me now whether it does or not. All the money in the world will not bring happiness to me now that my poor Letitia is dead!"

"Do you know whether your guardian cashed the cheque?"

"I don't. I haven't asked him anything about it. I could think only of one thing."

"I can well imagine it. Thank you for answering my questions so clearly. By and by you may know why I asked them."

These words had hardly passed my lips before Devlin, Carton, and I were thrown violently against each other. The shock was great, but fortunately we were not hurt. Screams of pain from adjoining carriages proclaimed that this was not the case with other passengers. The train was dragged with erratic force for a considerable distance, and then came to a sudden standstill.

"We had best get out," said Devlin, who was the first to recover.

We followed the sensible advice, and upon emerging from the carriage, discovered that other carriages were overturned, and that the line was blocked. Happily, despite the screams of the frightened passengers, the injuries they had met with were slight, and when all were safely got out we stood along the line, gazing helplessly at each other. Devlin, however, was an exception; he was the only perfectly composed person amongst us.

"It is unfortunate," he said, with a certain maliciousness in his voice; "we are not half-way to Margate. The best laid schemes are liable to come to grief. If Mr. Kenneth Dowsett knew of this, he would rejoice."

It was with intense anxiety that I made inquiries of the guard whether the accident would delay us long. The guard answered that he could not say yet, but that to all appearance we should be delayed two or three hours. I received this information with dismay. It would upon that calculation be midnight before we reached our destination, and I could not be so precious that I would have given any shilling in my pocket to have been at that moment in Margate.

"Take it philosophically," said Devlin, at my elbow, "and be thankful that your bones are not broken. It will but prolong the hunt, which, I promise you, shall in the end be successful."

I looked at him almost gratefully for this speculative crumb of comfort, and there was real humour in the smile with which he met my gaze.

"Behold me in another character," he said; "Devlin the Consoiler. But you have laid me under an obligation, my dear sir, which I am endeavouring to repay. Your conversation with that unhappy young man—meaning to Carton, who sat at a table at the end of the carriage—was truly interesting. You have mistaken your vocation; you would have made a first-class detective."

To add to the discomfort of the situation it began to rain heavily. I felt it would be foolish, and a waste of power, to fret and fume, and I therefore endeavoured to profit by Devlin's advice to take it philosophically. A number of men were now at work, setting things straight. They worked with a will, but the guard's prognostication proved correct. It was nearly eleven o'clock before we started again, and past midnight when we arrived at Margate. It was pitch dark, and the furious wind drove the pelting rain into our faces.

"A wild night at sea," cried Devlin, with a kind of exultation in his voice (though this may have been my fancy); "he had to speak very loud to make himself heard. 'You can do nothing till the morning, and very little then if the storm lasts. Do you know Margate at all?'"

"No," I shouted, despondently.

"Do you?" asked Devlin, addressing Carton.

"I've never been here before," replied Carton.

"There's a decent hotel not far off," said Devlin. "The Nayland Rock. We'll knock them up, and get beds there. Cling tight to me if you don't want your bones broken. Steady now, steady!"

We had to cling tightly to him, for we could not see a yard before us. Devlin pulled us along, singing some strange wild song at the top of his voice. We were a long time making those in the hotel hear us, but the door was opened at last, and we were admitted. There was only one vacant room in the hotel, but fortunately it contained two beds. To this room we were conducted, and then came the question of settling three persons in the two beds. Devlin solved the difficulty by pulling the counterpanes off, and extending himself full length upon the floor.

"This will do for me," he said, wrapping himself up in the counterpanes. "I've had worse accommodation in my travels through the world. I've slept in the bush, with the sky for a roof; I've slept in the hollow of a tree, with wild beasts howling round me; I've slept on billiard tables and under them, with a thousand rats running over me and a score of other wanderers. Good night, comrades!"

Anxiety did not keep me awake; I was tired out, and slept well. When we arose in the morning all signs of the storm had fled. The sun was shining brightly, and a soft warm air flowed through the open window.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

The first thing to be done, after partaking of a hurried breakfast, was to arrange our programme. Carton suggested that we should all go together to Aethelstan-road to see his guardian, and I had some difficulty in prevailing upon him to forego this plan. We spoke together quite openly in the presence of Devlin, who, for the most part, contented himself with listening to the discussion.

"Evidently," said Carton, "you have suspicions against my guardian, and it is only fair that he should be made acquainted with them."

"He shall be made acquainted with them," I replied, "but it must be in the way and at the time I deem best. I hold you to your promise to be guided by me."

Carton nodded discontentedly. "I am to stop here and do nothing, I suppose," he said.

"That is how you will best assist me," I said. "If you are seen at present by Mr. Dowsett, you will ruin everything. You shall not, however, be quite idle. Have your cheque book with you?"

"Yes," he said, producing it.

"Let me look at the block of the cheque for two thousand pounds you drew on Saturday morning, payable to bearer, and gave to Mr. Dowsett?"

"It is the last cheque I drew," said Carton, handing me the book.

I glanced at it, saw that the bank was the National Provincial Bank of England, and the number of the cheque 134,178. Then I obtained a telegraph form, and at my instruction Carton wrote the following telegram:

"To the Manager National Provincial Bank of England, 112, Bishopsgate-street, London. Has my cheque for two thousand pounds (No. 134,178), drawn by me on Saturday, and made payable to bearer, been cashed, and how was it cashed? In notes or gold? Reply by telegraph. Waiting here for answer. From Richard Carton, Nayland Rock Hotel, Margate."

"I'll take this myself to the telegraph office," I said, "and you will wait here for the answer. I will be back as quickly as possible, but it is likely I may be absent for an hour or more."

With that I left him, Devlin accompanying me to my request.

I could have sent the telegram from the railway station, but I chose to send it from the local post office, for the reason that I expected to receive there a telegram from my wife, whom I had instructed to wire to me, before eight o'clock, whether there was anything fresh in the London newspapers concerning the murder of Letitia Melladew. I mentioned this to Devlin, and he said—

"You omit nothing; it is a pleasure to work with you. Command me in any way you please. My turn, perhaps, will come by and by."

It was early morning, and our way lay along the

Marine Parade, every house in which was either a public or a boarding house. From every basement in the row, as we walked on, ascended one uniform odour of the cooking of bacon and eggs, which caused Devlin to humorously remark that when bacon and eggs ceased to be the breakfast of the average Englishman the decay of England's greatness would commence. All along the line this familiar odour accompanied us.

At the post office I found my wife's telegram awaiting me. It was to the effect that there was nothing new in the papers concerning the murder. The criminal was still at large, and the police appeared to have failed in obtaining a clue. I despatched Carton's telegram to the London bank and then we proceeded to Aethelstan-road, and soon found the house we were in search of. I had decided upon my plan of operations. Devlin was not to appear; he was to stand at some distance from the house, and only to come forward if I called him. I was to knock and inquire for Mr. Dowsett, and explain to him that, not feeling well, I had run down to Margate for the day. Carton had given me his guardian's address, and had asked me to inquire whether Mr. Dowsett would be absent from London for any length of time, intending, if such was the case, to join Mr. Dowsett and his family in the country. Then I was to trust to chance and to anything I observed how next to proceed. The whole invention was as lame as well could be, but I could not think of a better. It was only when decided action was necessary that I felt how powerless I was. All that I had to depend upon was a slender and mysterious thread of conjecture.

I knocked at the door, and of the servant who opened it I inquired if Mr. Dowsett was up yet.

"O yes, sir," replied the girl. "Up and gone, all of 'em."

"Up and gone, all of them!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. Had breakfast at half-past six, and went away directly afterwards."

"Do you know where to?"

"No, sir, O, here's a missus."

The landlady came forward. "Do you want rooms, sir?"

"Not at present. I came to see Mr. Dowsett."

"Gone away, sir. Him and the three ladies."

"So your servant informed me; but I thought I should be certain to find him here. Stop. What did you say? Mr. Dowsett and the three ladies? You mean the two ladies?"

"I mean three," said the landlady, looking sharply at me. "They only came on Saturday. Mr. Dowsett came yesterday. You must excuse me, sir. There's the dining-room bell and the drawing-room bell ringing all together."

"A moment, I beg," I said, slipping half a crown into her hand. "Do you know where they have gone to?"

"No; they didn't tell me. They were in a hurry to catch a train, but I don't know what train, and don't know where to."

Her manner proclaimed that she not only did not know, but did not care.

"They had some boxes with them?" I said.

"Yes, two. I can't wait another minute. I never did see such an impatient gentleman as the dining-rooms."

"Only one more question," I said, forcibly, detaining her. "Did they drive to the station?"

"Yes; they had a carriage. Please let me go, sir."

"Do you know the man who drove them? Do you know the number of the carriage?"

"Haven't the slightest idea," said the landlady; and, freeing herself from my grasp, she ran down to her kitchen.

I stepped into the street with a feeling of mortification. Mr. Kenneth Dowsett had given me the slip again. Rejoining Devlin, I related to him what had passed.

"What are you going to do next?" he asked.

"I am puzzled," I replied, "and hardly know what to do."

"That is not like you," said Devlin. "Come, I will assist you. Mr. Kenneth Dowsett seems to be in a hurry. The more reason for spirit and increased vigilance on our part. Observe, I say our part. I am growing interested in this case, and am anxious to see the end of it. If Mr. Dowsett has gone back to London we must follow him there. If he has gone to some other place, we must follow him to some other place."

"But how to find that out?"

"He was driven to the station in a carriage. We must get hold of the driver. At present we are ignorant whether he has gone by the South-Eastern or the London, Chatham, and Dover. We will go and inquire at the cab ranks."

But although we spent fully an hour and a half

## OUR OMNIBUS.

## THE M.P.

Mr. Chamberlain must have greatly relished the vituperative speech delivered by Mr. John Morley at Ipswich. His extreme bitterness showed how the Separatists hate the Radical Unionist leader for his slashing attacks on their fetid. But Mr. Morley did not attempt to reply to any of Mr. Chamberlain's arguments, nor could he give the faintest outline of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy as it now stands. The British electorate are coolly invited to play the part of the victim in confidence trick swindles. Let them only entrust Mr. Gladstone with the government and they shall be bountifully rewarded. Yes; by Mr. Parnell making off with the plunder.

Prince Bismarck will not add to his reputation by prosecuting Dr. Geffken for publishing the late Emperor's diary. The fact that Dr. Geffken was the offender proves to demonstration the genuineness of the diary. Having been the chosen friend of the late Emperor, it was natural for the latter to confide to this distinguished diplomatist as an authoritative record showing who was the real creator of the German empire. Whether Dr. Geffken was justified in making it public remains to be seen. For all we know, he may have been authorised to do so by his Imperial patron, and in that case Prince Bismarck will be practically prosecuting his late master.

Mr. Pritchard Morgan, the self-nominated Separatist candidate for Merthyr, is too courageous; he will get himself into trouble if he does not muzzle his pluck. In a recent speech he exclaimed, "Even at the risk of being locked up, I assert that the Irish people had adopted every other plan before they adopted the plan of 'Bismarck.' There's daring for you! Mr. Morgan should have entered the army; he would be just the sort of man to lead forlorn hopes."

That Home Rule rag, the "Halfpenny Twinkler," thinks it fair fighting to insinuate that the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith work their horses when unfit for use. As a matter of fact and of common notoriety, no business house in London pays higher prices for horseflesh or has a better managed stud. The paper which publishes this libel had better look at home. Some of the animals in its stables might well engage the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Lord Dufferin must place more faith in Afghan friendship than I should be disposed to do. He has given permission to his eldest son, Lord Clandeboye, to accompany the mission to Cabul. I doubt whether the Viceroy will feel altogether comfortable in his mind until his heir-apparent recrosses the frontier.

Mr. Biggar protests that there is not a word of truth in the assertion that his party is largely supported by servant girls in America. But Mr. Morley fully credits the statement, and pronounced these damsels worthy of all honour. Which is right, Joseph or John? After all, one might accept an allowance from worse hands than poor Biddy's; to wit, from those of Mr. Patrick Ford.

Another interesting revelation for which thanks are due to Mr. Biggar is that he has received "several" remittances of £12,000 each from a great banker in America. What became of the money? Was it handed over to the Dublin treasury? We do not remember to have seen these big lumps of cash in the published accounts of receipts. Perhaps they were forwarded to Mr. Biggar in his private capacity as purveyor of pigs' flesh. He may have been exporting Irish pork to America.

Sir Charles Russell and Mr. H. Fowler are men of light and leading in the Separatist camp. Were there a Gladstonian restoration—Heaven forbid!—both would be sure of admission to the Cabinet. It is noteworthy in its way, therefore, that they take diametrically opposite views of the Local Government Bill. While Sir Charles Russell condemns it lock, stock, and barrel, Mr. Fowler considers it a most valuable addition to the statute book. So even on this important matter, the Happy Family do not think in unison. What a queer Government it would be were they to get into office!

The public owe a debt of gratitude to Sir Charles Russell for declaring that whatever may be the issue of the Parnell Commission, the Home Rule question will not be affected one way or another. Quite so; the question of separating Ireland from Great Britain does not depend on the doings of this person or that. It is solely governed by national considerations of the highest consequence which would have equal force whether Mr. Parnell were caught up to Heaven like Elijah, or snatched down in the other direction to agitate Lucifer's kingdom.

## WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEE.

Nottingham was fairly successful, though the attendance on the first day was hardly so good as we generally see at Sherwood Forest on a Monday. In winning the Juvenile Plate, Camblania was lucky, in that Glover on Carraghmore was too late in making his effort. Nell Cook's rider, Sam Louisa, got the best of the start and was never caught in the Lenton First Plate. Countess Therry, who was a great tip, had no difficulty in landing the Eboracshire Plate and a good stake for the cable. In the Nottinghamshire Handicap, Arundel appeared to be beating Diana all the way from the distance, and, as most people thought, had just won, but the judge found that Diana was first, a verdict in which both jockeys fully concurred. Meadow Brown, who won the Mile Nursery Plate, started at 10 to 1, but was first favourite at 2 to 1 in London.

On Tuesday we began with the Friar Tuck Plate, which went to Robert Bruce, the outsider of three starters. Fallow, who landed for me the Robin Hood Plate, and a very big favour, for the Robin Hood Plate, which was a good stake for the cable. In the Weibek Abbey Plate was very exciting with Mohawk half a length only in front of Countess Therry and Eboracshire. Tevion, on whom the money was literally piled, never gave his backers cause for anxiety in the Bestwood Nursery Plate. The Sherwood Hurdle Race produced one of the best races of the meeting. In turn it looked on as Sherbrooke, Vivacious, Scottish Minstrel, and Redclyffe. The last-named stayed the longest, and won by a length and a half from Sherbrooke.

Epsom's autumn meeting began very tamely. The weather was cold and dull, and the attendance very scanty. The going was all right, however, and fields good enough. We started with the Manor Plate, for which the chief tips were Ambush, Velleda, and The Mummer. Each in turn looked like winning, but at the finish Sharper ran cleverly beat Velleda. Asturian, in the Juvenile Plate, seemed to be landing its backers money quite handsomely, when Italian Girl drew up, and, after a good fight, won by a neck, to the chagrin of backers, who almost all of them missed the 100 to 1 chance.

The best field of the day turned out for the Cophstone Plate, for which a dozen of the fifteen runners were well backed, and the finish among about half a dozen was very close. Prudence, who runs well on this course, got home by a head from Duke of Clubs, who just managed to beat Sea Song. Powder Puff, Southill, Sawdust, and Stockton were all close up.

Taloma, who was made favourite for the Durdans Nursery, always had the race safely in hand. Idlesleigh ran her to a neck, but it was only on a surmise that she was allowed to get as close. Blood Royal and Savant had a tremendous race for the Mile Selling Plate. The former won

by a very short head on the post, and did so through sheer gameness.

Theophilus, admirably ridden by George Barrett, took the shortest way home for the High Weight Handicap, in which Cymbalaria sorely disappointed the plungers. We wound up with the All-aged Plate, in which Whitehall really did not give any of the others a chance.

After all, the *Illustrated Police News*, who challenged Kilrain on behalf of an Unknown, to fight for the heavy weight championship of the world, appear to have put their money down before they had made sure of a representative. Of course, the *Police Gazette* people are making all the capital they can out of their rival being in a bit of a fix. At the same time so long as the *News* party post their money and undertake to forfeit it if they do not produce their man on the day, or name at an agreed date, there is no reason why their scheme should be ridiculed. Joe Lannon and Pat Killen have both been mentioned as likely opponents to Kilrain, who is quite prepared to meet either of them. Fox now wants to make the match for not less than 20,000 dollars, which will not do.

Jem Carney, who is without doubt the best light weight boxer on either side of the Atlantic, will be tendered a benefit at the Canterbury Palace of Varieties on Thursday, October 18th. He is not often seen in London, and as a splendid company of boxers has been engaged for the occasion the affair should be very successful.

Hanlan has challenged Kemp on behalf of Teemer for the sculling championship, and also offers to take Teemer for partner and make a double sculling match against any couple. As the Canadian has gone off a great deal of late, it is possible that he might find some little difficulty in getting a partner to go in with him for the latter enterprise. More especially since Scarle, who is engaged to race Kemp, wants to bet Hanlan £1,000 to £500 that he beats the Toronto man on the Paramatta course. George Norvell and John Corcoran are matched to scull for £50 a side on the Thames championship course on November 3rd.

No little surprise was expressed when it was stated that some of the Maori footballers played with bare feet. Their captain says that they can kick harder with naked feet. They do not strike the ball with the toes but the heel of the foot, and say that they can kick farther that way. In their match against Surrey county at Richmond on Wednesday, which they won by a goal and a try to a try, none of the New Zealanders appeared without boots, though, as a rule, those they wore were very thin. They created a favourable impression on their debut.

It is worth while making a note that the games arranged for the Football Association Cup competition are to be played on the dates given, and not as was customary in former years "before or on" the fixtures, at the convenience of the clubs interested.

Most of our best amateur swimmers are protesting against the Amateur Association's ruling that the prizes for the 220 yards challenge cup shall be merely medals. Finney, the professor, who has been giving prizes for amateur competitions, has been requested by the association to pay a fee of half a crown for registration as permit to hold amateur races, and declined to pay anything. Joseph Nuttall, who for some years has swum as an amateur, has made up his mind to appear as a professional for the future.

Mrs. and Mr. J. T. Smith, of the London Tricycle Club, have been going for records at the Long Eaton Ground, and distinguished themselves by cutting records for tandem tricycling at various distances, among them at twenty-eight to thirty miles inclusive. Old Jack Keen, the ex-champion professor, has been cruelly maltreated at Long Ditton by a drunken ruffian. Keen went to the assistance of a police-constable who was endeavouring to cope with the fellow, and was a good deal hurt.

Our footballers in New Zealand played their last match on Wednesday, when they made a draw against the Wanganui Club. On the previous day they defeated a fifteen of Taranaki by two goals and a try, having just before beaten a representative team of the South Island.

To oblige country readers I will anticipate my Sunday's final tip for the Carraworth. Unluckily Decision broke down on Monday. He had a good gallop on the previous day. Still I have Twenbrese left, and she was my tip before the entries appeared even. I expect to depend on Tenebreuse, Polydor, Acme, and one of Taylor's, probably Reve d'Or, and at present like them as named.

## OLD IZAAK.

At this season of the year, when we no longer "on that bank feel the west wind breathe health and plenty," but button our coats more closely round us, and defy the cold, which tells of winter's approach, the angler who likes to do everything at the right time should have pike and perch tackle ready, for from the commencement of October until the end of February these fish may be said to be in their prime fighting condition. I do not like the idea of fishing for the "tyrants of the water plains," as Pope terms the pike, during the summer months, for they then afford but little sport, and it seems as though a touch of frost is required to put an edge on their appetites and inspire them with the ferocity born of hunger.

Every angler who fishes for pike must recognise the necessity of guarding against the possibility of the line being bitten, and to do this, especially when going fishing, is the only excuse or reason which I can find for the use of pump. It is, of course, easily seen in the water, and its additional strength is not wanted, as that of moderately stout gut ought to suffice for an angler to land any ordinary pike upon. I believe that Mr. Jardine, who is so well known among anglers by reason of the quantity and size of the pike which he has killed, took most, if not all of them, on gut. It is certainly a great argument in favour of the use of snap tackle that gut can be used, for when the fish is hooked on the lip, there is but little if any danger of the line being bitten.

Another fish which feeds well during the winter is the chub, and of all methods of fishing for it there is none which is likely to prove more killing than that in which the pith and brains of a bullock are used as bait and for ground bait. The pith is the marrow of the backbone, and before use the outer skin must be slit up and removed, and the under skin also cut, so that there may be skin left on one side of the bait, which will afford a good holding for the hook. Both pith and brains must be well washed and boiled for two or three minutes. The plan which I adopt when using the latter for ground bait is to mix them in a cup with a little bran, and throw a small quantity into the water while fishing.

A light rod, about 12ft. or 14ft. long, with large rings, should be used, and a Nottingham winch with sixty or seventy yards of fine plaited silk line on it. To my mind a twisted line is an entire abomination, savouring of bad kinks, consequent loss of temper, time wasted, and many other evils. The bottom tackle should consist of a fine gut line and No. 3 hook, shotted so as to nicely adjust a red-tipped albatross wing quill float. Fish about an inch off the bottom, do not be afraid of using too large a piece of bait, for the chub is greedy of any size is a bold biter, and has a good-sized mouth, and do not be in too great a hurry to strike, but before doing so let the float well disappear.

The following editorial note from the *Berks and Oxon Advertiser*, relating to a flagrant case of river pollution, has been brought to my notice:— "A strange sight was to be witnessed at the Lower Wharf on Wednesday. Some deleterious matter found its way into the Mill Brook into the Thames, and was the cause of

ing thousands of fish—jack, perch, roach, dace, and even eels were floating about quite dead, and with them many thousands of minnows. A good many people resorted to the scene to witness the destruction that had been wrought. It seems a shame, with all the expense we are now put to for sanitary purposes, that such a thing should be possible, yet this is the second time a wholesale mass of fish has occurred at the same place within the last three years.

It is explained to me by my obliging correspondent, Mr. F. C. Francis, that this occurred in the neighbourhood of Wallingford, and I am at a loss to understand why, if the *Berks and Oxon Advertiser* is so justly indignant at the destruction of fish, it does not show more plainly the cause from which the "deleterious matter" proceeded, as, by so doing, it might have enabled those who are interested in preserving the Thames Fisheries to take steps for preventing such an occurrence in the future.

The present lax state of the law for providing against the pollution of rivers constitutes a distinct and widely felt grievance. It can now only be dealt with (1) under the Salmon Act, 1851. This, however, only applies to a river in which salmon exist, and it must be proved that fish have been killed before a conviction can be obtained. If these two conditions are complied with the remedy is cheap and quick, and the penalties inflicted upon the evil doer are very heavy. 2. Under the River Pollution Act, 1877, but this only applies to pollution with solid matter. As affecting liquid pollution is practically useless. The Act will not apply where "practicable and available means" are taken to prevent pollution, and furthermore, only the sanitary authority, which, in many cases, causes the pollution, can take proceedings under it, and then only after having given a month's notice of their intention, during which the pollution may continue. 3. An injunction of the High Court may be obtained, but to do this costs some £200, therefore it may be easily understood why this remedy is not more often resorted to.

During the past six months a large trout has laid in a small deep pool close to one of the turbine wheels of Laverstock Mills, where the Bank of England paper is made, visible from time to time, but seldom moving more than a few feet from the same spot, the water below being too shallow to permit of its passing under the stream. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to catch this fish, but, on the 26th ult., Mr. William Portal succeeded in doing so. It weighed 15lb., the length being 30in., and the thickest girth 20in. This is the largest fish of which there is any record in the upper waters of the Test. It appeared to be in splendid condition, rather light in colour, and with the spots, all of which were black or brown, very bright and clear.

## BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

The recent floods in Buzang made things very unpleasant, it appears, for the denizens of the jungle. I read in a native paper that the inhabitants of one village were absolutely compelled to quit their houses by a multitudinous invasion of snakes. The unfortunate reptiles being fairly drowned out of their own habitations determined to eject their two-legged neighbours from theirs, and this stern resolve was carried out with desperate gallantry. Unfortunately, the report does not give the name of the village or its precise locality. All the same, it is a fine robust specimen of a snake story, almost as good as those we are wont to get from America.

Is there any garden pest that preys upon pyrethrum? I have never seen a leaf of this aromatic plant nibbled in the slightest degree. Caterpillars, slugs, and all the other devastators appear to give it a wide berth. I have heard, too, that the leaves, when dried, serve almost as well as camphor to drive away moths and fleas. That is, so long as the powerful perfume remains; after it has evaporated, the leaves are, of course, worthless. But if they possess the properties I have described, it should be easy to make an extract for household use. The perfume is by no means disagreeable, while the plant will grow almost anywhere.

A firm at Calcutta has just started an interesting experiment by employing carrier pigeons to convey messages to and from its factory some twenty miles away. There is no telegraph between the two places, and even if there were, it would scarcely beat this bird-express for speed, the time usually occupied from house to house being well under the hour. At present, none but foreign pigeons are employed, but it is intended to experiment with the native breed. India contains very many varieties, and it will be odd if some are not found with the homing faculty fully developed.

There are few things more strange than the way in which lost dogs and cats will single out individual people in the streets and follow them to come. The poor creature will look bitter and bitter until the right sort of person comes along. Then, in a moment, its expression becomes quite blithe, and away it trots after the new master or mistress. I have remarked, too, that the persons thus adopted almost invariably either have kind faces or something in their looks or tones speaking of benevolence. This would seem to show that domesticated animals must be acute physiognomists. At all events, whatever the explanation may be, it is rare indeed to see one of these creatures follow anybody whose milk of human kindness seems to have got curdled.

Here is another recipe for the cure of mange. "A quart of oil of sweet almonds should be boiled in about three-quarters of a pint of water, and allowed after boiling point to simmer; it should then stand for four-and-twenty hours. Paint the animals affected every day or two with the mixture." My correspondent says that he has often seen it successfully used on cats and dogs.

In reading the account of the recent East-end horrors, I see that the employment of blood-hounds has been suggested as a means of tracking the murderer. I fear that this would be hardly practicable in London, whatever might be in the country. The scent of blood on the man, even if followed up as soon as possible, would be crossed and interfered with by so many other similar scents, that the dogs would not have a chance of tracing the right one. The slaughter houses and butchers' shops would probably prove a great stumbling block to them.

I remember seeing an interesting story in *Land and Water* a good many years ago, which shows the smartness of some dogs in this line. A gamekeeper had been murdered and his body hastily thrown into a dry well. Two or three days after the poor fellow's disappearance, it was noticed that he had left a retriever of his at home. The dog was released, and in a short time led those who accompanied him to the well, where the man's body was covered over with bushes. Immediately the retriever started off again, and stopped at the house of two men, who were known to have borne ill-will towards the keeper on account of a poaching fray. Inside the house the dog began sniffing and smelling, and soon discovered his master's handkerchief concealed in a hat, and his watch in a boot. In a small hayrick outside the retriever found the keeper's gun. The two men were at once arrested, and with this and other evidence were duly tried, convicted and executed.

## THE ACTOR.

Mr. Cunningham Bridgman, who has collaborated with Mr. E. L. Blanchard in the production of the libretto of "Carina," at the Opera Comique, is no mere "pretentious hand at this sort of work." He wrote the "book" of a couple of operettas by Mr. Wilfrid Bendall, and is the author, in co-operation of a couple of comedies which have met with success. He is in much request as a writer of theatrical addresses, and, I believe,

has "written up" the libretto of a comic opera which has yet to be produced.

I rather from the local criticisms and the remarks of competent persons who were present, that "The Weaker Sex," the comedy by Mr. Pinero, which the Kendals brought out at Manchester the other night, is not an unalloyed success. Mr. Pinero has been unhappy again in his plot, which is, in an important respect, unamplified. The pairing-off, at the end of Lady Vivash (Mrs. Kendal) with Dudley Silchester (Mr. Kendal), is not artistically effected. If Lady Vivash is not eventually to marry her old love, Mr. Lee, she should not be represented as so passionately attached to him in the earlier portion of the play.

Talking of Mrs. Kendal—who, as Lady Vivash, is, they say, superb—I am reminded of the story told in the Mapleson memoirs of the pleasure derived by Titians and Mario, at Hull, in 1866, from the performance by Miss Madge Robertson (as she then was) of the part of Anne, in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing." Mrs. Kendal (who was then in her teens) tells me she remembers the incident perfectly well, and how elated she naturally was by the praise of the two great vocalists.

More than once, lately, the critics have been torn by conflicting emotions. On Monday, instance, some of them had to decide whether they could go to the Lyceum for "A Parisian Romance," or to the Avenue for the revived "Old Guard." I know of one gentleman who distributed his time between the two, but the lively opera and the depressing drama can scarcely have "mixed up" well. On Tuesday, again, it was a problem with certain of the scribes whether they should attend at the Globe for the resuscitated "Monk's Room" or accept their invitations to the dress rehearsal at the Savoy.

Of that dress rehearsal an amusing column might be written, so pleasantly humorous were some of the interludes which occurred in the course of it—little details, pertaining to a performer's wit or wig or what not, suggesting brief ripples of laughter. The performance was as nearly perfect as possible, and only a few minutes had to be arranged. Everybody connected with the "show" was in the best of spirits, and the favoured few who were present enjoyed themselves greatly, being charmed especially by the beauty of the music.

It was easy to see that big successes would be made by Mr. Grossmith, Mr. Denny (who was so amusing in "Dandy Dick"), and Mr. Curcio Pounds, the new tenor. Mr. Denny's rôle was, I believe, written up to suit his peculiar and effective style. Mr. Pounds had been very popular in the provinces and in America, and revealed the possession of a delightful voice. I am told that his mother was for a time a vocalist, and that he has several sisters in "the" profession. He is the nephew of a well-known publisher and newsagent.

A first night at the Savoy is, of course, a social as well as a theatrical event, and one expects to see present on such occasions well-known people like Lord Londesborough, Sir Lyon Playfair, and Mr. George Lewis, all of whom duly "turned up" on Wednesday. So did Miss Kate Terry and her husband, Miss Fortescue and her mother, Mr. Chappell (the music publisher) and his family, Mr. B. C. Stephenson and Mr. Alfred Cellier, Mr. H. J. Leslie and Mr. M. Leventon, Mr. Horace Sedgwick, Mr. Thomas Edwards, Mr. Cunningham Bridgman, Mr. Charles Harris, Mr. J. G. Robertson, Mr. Rutland Barrington, and, of course, Mrs. Gilbert.

The balloon sent up from Terry's Theatre on Wednesday was a great triumph up to a certain point. It rose splendidly, and the dummy Baldwin descended gracefully, but alas! alas! why did it come down near the Adelphi Theatre, thus giving that establishment an unexpected advertisement? Perhaps it did so in honour of Mr. T. C. Valentine (of Terry's), whose farewell supper (prior to his going to America on "Sweet Lavender" business) was given that evening at the new restaurant in the Adelphi buildings.

Mr. John Maclean, who had a banquet tendered to him the other day, in honour of his approaching visit to the States as a member of Miss Mary Anderson's company, is one of the most popular men in the profession. He began his career as an actor in 1859, and has therefore been nearly thirty years on the stage. His London debut was made in 1861 at the Surrey Theatre. He is a Londoner, in spite of his Scotch patronymic.

I hear the best accounts from the provinces of the artistic progress made by youthful Miss Collette (daughter of Charles of that ilk), who is touring with the company headed and directed by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Her Felicity Gunnion in "The Quire" is spoken of with especial praise.

## JACK ALLROUND.

"Will you recommend me an inexpensive solution for darkening faded hair? Owing probably to a severe illness, my hair has become prematurely grey, which I find very prejudicial when seeking fresh employment. I have been told that the essence produced by boiling Aleppo galls is efficacious, but before trying the experiment wish for your opinion." In reply to the above, I cannot do better than give "J. N. G." a recipe given to me by a lady who recounted many injurious effects the knowledge of as resulting from the use of patent hair dyes, most of which contain lead. Take one pound of bruised gall nuts, dry them in olive oil till they become soft, then dry them and reduce them to a fine powder, and mix them with an equal quantity of willow charcoal and common salt well pulverised. Add a small quantity of lemon and orange peel dried and powdered, boil the whole in twelve pounds of water until the sediment assumes the consistency of a salve; anoint the hair from time to time.

"Frederick C." has a number of light-coloured Windsor and cane-seated chairs, and wants to know whether he can remove the polish now on them and stain and polish his chairs a dark colour. Let him make a strong solution of common soda and hot water, and a little soap to form a lather, and with a nail brush thoroughly scrub the chairs, going well into any corners or turned portions with the scrubbing brush. Let the stuff remain on, and next day, or when dry, use fine glass-paper wherever the varnish shows, and give them another scrubbing with the soda and soap wash. As soon as you have got rid of the varnish by this method, wash out all the soap and soda with clean warm water, and let the wood get perfectly dry. You can now apply any stain you please, dark oak, walnut, or mahogany, put on with a brush, and when quite dry followed by a dark oak or common spirit varnish, which should be laid on thinly with a soft brush in a warm room. If necessary apply a second coat of varnish two days after the first.

"A good macaroni cheese" is asked for by a "Constant Reader." Into boiling water or milk and water drop a quarter of a pound of pipe macaroni, let it boil until quite tender but firm, say for an hour and a half. When boiled have ready grated cheese—a dry, highly flavoured cheese is best—and a little mustard, pepper and salt, and bread crumbs. Well butter a dish, take the macaroni from the fire, let it drain on a sieve for a minute, then put a layer of it into the dish, and over that a layer of bread crumbs, grated cheese, a little mustard, salt, &c., and three or four lumps of butter; repeat these layers until your dish is full. The last layer should be of bread crumbs, over which pour a little warmed clear fire to brown; on no account put it into the oven, or you will destroy the flavour. Some persons serve with salt and mustard, omitting these condiments from the cooking.

I am asked by "A. O. S." the best way to cure and preserve mole skins. To preserve the skins,

and at the same time render them soft and pliant, you should take oak galls or oak bark, one quart to about two quarts and a half of water; boil these for two or three hours, strain, and when the water is cold, put the fresh skins in a bag and let them soak in it for three or four days. When dried, you will find them cured and soft, fit to be worked up into fur garments or anything you please.

My correspondent is anxious to make a cloak with the mole skins, and has already a hundred pelts towards that object. But these have been preserved with powdered alum, and are now too stiff to be sewn together. How are they to be softened? Undoubtedly mole skins are not improved by being dried hard. Lay the skin (hair under) on a smooth board, over which a piece of thin flannel has been stretched; get some common yellow soap, a pinch or two of coarse flour, and using a few drops of water, pound the soap into a thick paste. Have a blunt-tipped paper-cutter or smooth stick, and with it gently but firmly work the soap evenly into the skin until the latter becomes quite soft and no vestige of soap, flesh or unevenness remains. This, I fear, will be a slow process, but it is the best I can suggest under the circumstances.

"Gertie" begs for a remedy against fleas. She says, "We have tried all the powders without effect." The most powerful agent against an invasion of fleas is cleanliness and ventilation. A favourite breeding place of these pests is the dust "flee" under beds and in rooms not carefully swept. Fresh mint strewn about the rooms and under the beds helps to drive them away. A correspondent lately told me he found the peelings from cucumbers used in the same way very effective. Camphor, sprinkled among the bed-clothes is useful.

"E. W. C." writes—"I have had a recipe given me for boiling clothes with paraffin or kerosene, instead of the old-fashioned washing by hand. The result is certainly to cleanse and whiten. . . . But will they make the materials rotten?" The products of rock oil in different forms are largely used as cleansing agents, with great benefit. But I have no practical knowledge of their employment as "E. W. C." suggests, and therefore cannot give an opinion.

## GENERAL CHATTER.

The revenue returns for the first half of the financial year give a fairly satisfactory picture of the state of trade. It is noteworthy that Customs, the most searching test of the economic condition of the masses, exhibit the largest increase of all for the past quarter. Stamps did not yield so much as in the previous quarter, but still compare favourably with last year's returns for the same period. The total gain for the six months approaches half a million; it would have been considerably over a million but for the reduction of the income tax. Mr. Goschen must feel cheerful; in addition to the surplus of revenue over expenditure, he will have the handling of nearly a million and a half resulting from the conversion of Consols.

Tired of hunting, that indefatigable sportsman, the Austrian Empress has now gone in for yachting. It would not be a bad thing for us if this Royal lady paid a visit to British waters and entered a sailing craft against our clipper. Yachting badly needs a fillip; there is not a tithe of the interest taken in it that there was some twenty or thirty years ago. Yet there is no more exhilarating spectacle than a close sailed match in a strong breeze. I would sooner see it than a hundred horse races.

Sir Francis de Winton believes that Mr. Stanley has reached Wadai and joined forces with Emin Pasha. It may be so, but in that case it is inexplicable that we have received no tidings of this happy junction. My own impression is that Mr. Stanley, if he is alive, is brought to a standstill somewhere among the swamps to the west of the Albert Nyanza, and that Emin Pasha, despairing of help, is marching northwards in the hope of finding him, exit through Abyssinia. In any case, it is certain that we can do nothing further to help the one or the other, and if Germany likes to try, we can well afford to wish her Godspeed.

Tea and coffee-shop keeping must be profitable business, judging from the extraordinary multiplication of these refreshment places. Taking Regent-street alone, quite a dozen new ones have been opened during the last two years, and yet the demand seems unsatisfied. Could not Bung borrow a wrinkle from the movement? He did so, with not a little advantage, from the Bodega system; but that is pretty nearly played out. Teetotalers might show less hostility to public-houses if they combined "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" with alcoholic refreshment.

A friend of mine prides himself on keeping Greenwich time at his private residence. All the clocks are synchronised, and a man comes once a week to wind them up and see that they are in order. For a' that and a' that, my friend was five minutes late for his train the other day, although he had allowed himself the usual time for getting to the station. How did that come about? Through the highly electrical condition of the atmosphere; at least, that is what my friend says, but I have an idea that the synchronising arrangement was out of gear.

In view of the hideous revelations of East-end immorality, some well-meaning persons are advocating a wholesale police crusade against what are known as "disorderly houses." Far be it from me to say that the number might not be largely reduced. But only limited benefit could come from that so long as common lodging-houses are open to all who can pay a few pence for a bed. And, for the matter of that, it is notorious that the class to whom the murdered women belonged habitually use the streets for their dreadful trade.

The Gordon Boys' Home shows an excellent record of work, considering the short time, only three years, of its existence. Through its instrumentality more than forty lads, who would otherwise have gone to the gallows, have been started in life with every chance of doing well. The Army has taken thirty-one, the Navy one, the mercantile marine two, and civil employ, seven; the whole being reported as doing well. Now, this is precisely the sort of philanthropy which would have gladdened the humane heart of heroic Gordon. It is to be hoped, therefore, that his admirers—and who is not?—will come forward more liberally to support the home, the only "national memorial" that we have.

The ingenuity of the wretches who send children to beg in the streets at night is only equalled by the inhumanity. A few evenings ago I noticed a poor little wizened-faced lad, with one arm in splints, selling matches in Coventry-street. Interrogating this wretched creature, I found he had fallen down at play and fractured the injured member. But there was so much hesitancy in the child's manner, that I persevered with my cross-examination until it elicited a confession that there was nothing whatever the matter with the arm, which had been bandaged by the parents. I was debarred from taking further action by the promise I had given that if the poor child told the truth I would keep silence. To show me that he was not lying, he straightened and then doubled up the arm with a quick movement.

When will the cleansing of the Marble Arch be finished? It has now been in hand for some weeks, and unless speedier progress be made with the work the water-peddlers will be back again before the lower part shows its true colour. I wonder how much this little job will cost the country; it would not surprise me at all were the figure to run to several hundred pounds. And the worst of it is, that in the course of two or three years the arch will be as black as ever, and need another scouring. Truly, "a white elephant."

## CLIPPINGS FROM THE COMICS.

(From Moonshine.)  
Mr. Dillon has spoken another fiery speech. For a man whose health was so delicate when in danger, Mr. Dillon seems remarkably well as soon as he is released. At all events, one would say so from the look of his tongue.

The National League made a great deal of Mr. Dillon on his release. But the release of Mr. Blaine, M.P., was allowed to pass over without remark almost. We are the more surprised at this, because Mr. Blaine, M.P., is a tailor, and to their tailors the patriots owe so much.

In Africa and the Pacific the Germans have been slaughtering niggers largely in the interests of trade. Their plan is different from ours. They extend their business by killing the consumers; on the other hand, we let ourselves be killed that the consumers may live to buy at the gun's mouth from the Germans.

Home Rule for Ireland; Home Rule for Wales; Home Rule for Scotland! Mr. Gladstone adopts them all. There seems to be no end to the Old Man's capacity for dis-in-tag-rat-ion.

More fighting at Suakin. Of course, Osman Digma will be killed. He is always getting killed. But he invariably turns up again. Wonder where he goes to in the intervals?

Mr. Chamberlain did good work for the Union, at Nottingham. His hard hits at theatrical martyrdom and show evictions were delightful for an Irish policy. As long as Mr. Balfour holds the keys of Pall Mall, Irish gentlemen will be found whose health is good enough for any assurance office to grant one.

Cure Box Wats.—(Very small stout man looking at one of the new automatic machines for registering the height of people on a railway station.) "Bah! That'll never pay. Who cares about knowing one's height?"

(From Punch.)  
IMPROMPTU AT A THEATRE.  
By a Victim of the Prevailing Fashion of Feminine Head-gear.

This pile before me—I know not its name—  
Hides all the actors, and half the fates.  
"The Higher Education of Women."  
Applies not so much to their heads as their hats!

"NOVELLES COUCHES SOCIABLES"—I say, uncle, that was young Baldoak that went by—Wilmington Baldoak, you know!—Who the dickens is he?—What! haven't you heard of him? Hang it! he's making himself a very first-rate position in the lawn tennis world. I can tell you!

FORGETTING INTERESTING PUBLICATION.—Mrs. Ram is informed that the next book of Aristocratic Reminiscences will be by Lord Howard of Gossip. "This," the old lady thinks, "ought to be most entertaining."

"THE FOUR GROOMS."—George Ranger (of the Parks), George Jolin (of the Exchequer), George Grosmith (of the House of Savoy), George Lewis (of Ely Place).

First City Man. Education, oh, rubbish! There—I've only "all a year schooling" all my life!—Second City Man. Oh, I say! You must "wasted that time most awfully, old fellow. He-he-he!"

(From Judy.)  
REVENGE IS SWEET.—Severe Party (in corner): I do think that you might extinguish your pipes in a lady's presence.—Navy: La, bless ye, I'm sure the lady'll excuse us, 'cos me and my mate 'ave jiss come out of the small-pox 'ospital, and the tobacco might 'elp to keep off infection.—[Severe party is sorry he spoke.]

SUGGESTED MATRIMONIAL EXAMINATION.—It has been suggested that candidates for holy matrimony should be subjected to an examination, in order to test their fitness for this honourable state. Questions such as these, for instance, might be propounded to them with advantage: Examination of Male Candidates: 1. Can you eat cold mutton and hard potatoes six days out of seven without wincing? 2. Describe your principal actions when in a violent passion. 3. Give your reasons for and against the institution of mother-in-law-hood. 4. State clearly how many of your wife's poor relations you are prepared to support. 5. Name your chief vices; also virtues, if you have any. 6. Is it your intention to continue the unrestrained use of your lach-key? 7. How many previous wives have you had, and what did they die of?

No WONDERS.—A Scotchman died suddenly last week owing to drinking some cold water. This is scarcely a matter for surprise, but a Scotchman, of all people in the world, ought to know better than to play such curious experiments with his constitution.

MOVING.—The balance of nature is a remarkable thing. An ardent reformer in Trafalgar-square moves the multitude, and then comes the counter-balance and moves the reformer. Such is life!

(From Fun.)  
HE BORN NO MALICE.—Bride of a Month: We must never forget the Goodhearts, Alfred. If it had not been for their house party this time last year we should never have met, and married.—Bridegroom of Ditto: Nonsense, my dear! They didn't mean any harm.

KIS-MET.—Railway carriages are all right for oscillation, but when it comes to oscillation it is a very different matter, as the solicitor's clerk who had to pay five pounds at Worship-street for the privilege of kissing a fair young damsel on the journey from Liverpool-street to Bishopsgate, has discovered to his cost. He doesn't worship the girl one bit, and she has no worship-streeted him ardently since she has Worshipped him.

Our theatrical manager is having a bad time. All his great successes have to be withdrawn, owing to prior arrangements. The crop of "dead heads" is so abundant that he has christened the front of his theatre the order-torium.

Lord Tom Noddy (in great anger): I say, don't bother me, I see that I'm—what d'you call it?—liable to serve on a—er—coroner's jury.—Friend: Oh, no, you're not. As a peer, you would be exempt.—Lord Tom Noddy: Oh, no, indeed! The only exemptions are—er—er—felony and—er—lunacy.—Friend: That will do just as well for you, old man, so you needn't worry.

Amateur Author: Well, Mrs. Blunderby, what do you think of the little book I left you last week, and which, I may tell you, was the product of my brain?—Mrs. Blunderby, general dealer: Well, sir, to tell the truth, it's a orkard size, 'cos it's too big for 'apworth of sweets, and 'tain't big enough for a 'art of butter.

(From Funny Folks.)  
TOWCHING.—Seven female teachers at the Tottenham Board Schools resigned this week in order to get married. We understand that the local committee said, warmly: "Then you are not afraid to test the question, 'Is Marriage a Failure?' upon which they answered, as one woman, 'We are quite 'resigned' to our fate."

How's Toss Ross Earning?—M. Eiffel's workmen, who struck for more money, have got what they wanted. And why shouldn't they? It seems only fair that the higher they went their wages should rise in proportion. But it must have been very galling for M. Eiffel, whose ambition it is to reach the skies, to have to come down so ignominiously.

ELEVATING THEM.—Mr. Burt, M.P., is agitating for the appointment of working-men magistrates. And why not? What men are so fit as carpenters, for instance, who, all their lives, have been accustomed to the "bench?"

"Labour in Vain"—Trying to satisfy all the competitors in a Beauty Show by distributing graduated Chazans—Hunting up a fact in a file of your favourite journal.

(From Ally Sloper.)  
"It's a pity Stingman is so hard-hearted and won't make it up with his son. He should forgive and forget," observed Johnson. "He does half of it," said Walker. "How?" inquired Johnson. "Why, isn't the old miser always for getting?"

"You take my advice, dear," said Mrs. Coddle to a young wife; "if your husband goes to sleep after dinner, you let him alone. Mr. Coddle

always has a nap, and if I disturb him, he's a-snap!

Penhecker dined with a friend the other day, and they drifted into a discussion upon the unfairness and inadequacy of our legal punishments. "Look at the crime of bigamy," for instance," exclaimed Penhecker, "punished by imprisonment! That would be no punishment to the majority of husbands—simply a delightful holiday away from the missus. No, sir, the old Hungarian law was the one for that. They used to punish a bigamist by compelling him to live with both wives at once! Just think of that! I should say that crime was very rare in Hungary!"

Ally Sloper says that kissing is so good—and he ought to know—that he wonders no Government has ever placed a tax upon it! Probably the Governments have been afraid of the attacks of the ladies in the event of their taking liberties with their luxury.

WORKING MAN'S DISCUSSION CLUB.—First Discussor: Mr. Chairman, I maintain as how that speaker's out of order.—Second Discussor: Hout of horder, am I? You jest come outside and I'll show you if I'm hout of horder! I've been trainin' for this three weeks, and if I ain't in horder, no man never was.

"Haw!" stuttered De Masher, "a'scuse me, ma deah fellow, but weally, yer know, your ears are, 'pon my word, yer know—they're too long for a man, don't yer know?" "Humph!" ejaculated Scumbles, "that's where the difference is between you and me."—"Eh? What do you mean, deah boy?" inquired De Masher.—"Why, yours are too short for an ass!" returned Scumbles.

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

(From St. Stephen's Review.)

The meeting between her Majesty and Madame Albani, at Old Mar Lodge, was of a most cordial description. Madame Albani sang to the Queen a charming ballad, and the Queen played over one or two favourite selections which happened to be in Madame Albani's portfolio. Before leaving the songstress, her Majesty made her promise to come over to the Castle on the following day, and the prima donna faithfully kept the appointment, appearing before the Duchess of Albany, the Princess Frederica, and others.

A Court gossip assures me that Madame Albani, who, if true, will rejoice all lovers of the opera, is, that if she, Madame Albani, sang at Balmoral, her Majesty would have in return to patronise the opera in London one night during next season. Her Majesty did not promise to comply, but seriously said she would consider it.

It may not be generally known or recollected that Mr. Gladstone, whom O'Brien styled in his paper "a hoary-headed hypocrite," was in his time pelted with the epithet "Bomba," now bestowed freely on Mr. Balfour. Three degrees of comparison suggest themselves—Bomba, Bombast, Bombastes (Furioso). We refrain from making the obvious application.

A great deal of nonsense is being written about bloodhounds in connection with the Whitechapel murders. There is no special capacity in a bloodhound, any more than in any other dog of the house, to track a man, nor is blood a necessary element for such tracking. On the other hand, there is no great difficulty about getting a hound, or even a fox-terrier, to run a given individual by scent. My contemporaries at Rugby will bear me out when I say that we often used to run one of our number long distances across country with the assistance of the subsequently famous fox-terrier, Old Jester, and I on one occasion caught a thief by putting Old Jester on his track, and following till we ran the man down.

But it would be idle to attempt to pursue a man in this fashion in London, where the ground is for ever being failed by countless footsteps, unless, indeed, you could lay the hound on very shortly after the murder. If, for instance, the policeman, on discovering the bodies, had had by him a bloodhound, or other capable dog, he might, no doubt, have captured the murderer, for at that hour of the night the track would be fresh and tolerably undisturbed. This raises the question, Why should not policemen—some of them, at any rate—have dogs, not necessarily bloodhounds, but big, trusty dogs, similar to a gamekeeper's night dog? A dog is a vastly better guardian than a man, however vigilant; no one can creep about so noiselessly as to avoid detection by a dog properly managed.

It would be a simple matter to give the police force with big, invincible dogs. I could easily carry out this work myself, did the authorities wish it; and an allowance of 2s. 6d. a week would enable a policeman to keep his dog at home and make it thoroughly his friend. It would soon be found, from daily inspection, whether individual policemen kept their dogs properly or not. Certain it is that in a scuffle with burglars or others, a big dog of the right sort would be invaluable to a policeman—far better than a revolver.

(From Life.)

As there is at the present time so much discussion on the question of a provision for the members of the Prince of Wales's family, it may be interesting to our readers to know the financial position of her Majesty the Queen. The Queen has an annuity drawn from the Consolidated Fund of £385,000, which is especially allotted to meet those expenses connected with her high position and the partial weight of which has been transferred to the Heir Apparent. But that is only a portion of the enormous income which good fortune and royal habits have placed at the disposal of the head of the Royal family. The new Doomsday Book discloses the fact that the Queen's private estates extend over 35,372 acres, the annual rental, even at the lately depreciated prices, being £20,738. Some time ago her Majesty, acting under the advice of Lord Sydney, purchased Claremont for the sum of £78,000, estimated at the time as being a little over half its market value. It is said to be worth to-day £150,000. The Queen also possesses property at Coburg, and the Villa of Hohenzollern, and to personal property, there was the bequest of a quarter of a million left to her Majesty by Sir John Camden Neill. The will was proved in 1882, and the bequest must now have reached magnificent proportions. Then there is the property left by the Prince Consort, estimated to have reached nearly £600,000, and as this will never be proved, and so escaped probate duty, the exact amount is not known. These items are over and above the Queen's annual savings. The aggregate money sum at her Majesty's disposal for family purposes would hence appear to be, at the lowest computation, such as renders unnecessary national solicitude on the subject.

Who is the lady? No rumour has been received with more interest for many a long day than the report that Mr. Arthur Balfour is going to be married. A rapidly rising statesman—destined as many think to be some day Prime Minister of England—youth, accomplished, rich, the owner of a lovely mansion in Carlton House Gardens and of a seat and shooting box in Scotland, the Irish Secretary—it has been felt, by the fair sex especially—ought not to remain a bachelor. But, although it is said that he is likely to bring home a bride, the lady's name has not transpired, and it has not even been hinted at; and until there is some definite information on this very important point the world in general will doubtless decline to believe that Mr. Balfour contemplates entering the matrimonial state.

Sir John Savile Lumley, who has just been elevated to the peerage, can well support the dignity for he owns the beautiful estate of Rufford, in Sherwood Forest, with seventeen thousand adjoining acres, and thirty-five thousand more in the West Riding of Yorkshire. His nominal income is upwards of £50,000 a year. This property came into the family of the Lumleys, the Earls of Scarborough, by the marriage of Sir fourth earl with the daughter and heiress of Sir George Saville, of Rufford.

The fourth earl, who died in 1836, left it to his successor in the title to his eldest son, Henry Lumley, who was succeeded by his brother, the late Mr. Augustus Lumley, some time Master of the Ceremonies at Court, and he in turn was succeeded by Sir John. Each brother in turn assumed the name of Savile in honour of his inheritance. Sir John's heir is his nephew, the son of yet another brother.

It is not unlikely that the rumour of Lord Charles Balfour's approaching withdrawal from Parliament may turn out to be correct. When Lord Charles first accepted an invitation to stand, he gave it to be distinctly understood that he had no intention of abandoning his naval career, and the recent events that led to his resignation of Ministerial office have somewhat disenchanted him with political life. He has found it impossible even for his enthusiasm for reform to altogether burst the bonds of Admiralty red-tape, though the reforms he has been instrumental in effecting will increase the general regret at his contemplated relinquishment of his place in Parliament. The Marylebone seat may be regarded as perfectly safe; but he will be lucky successor who can boast even a title of "Charlie's" universal and unbounded popularity.

(From The World.)

There is not the slightest foundation for the statement in a Radical paper that the Queen was "much averse" to granting leave to Mr. Gladstone to disclose what passed in the Cabinet in the spring of 1882 on the subject of the Parnellite members. The required permission was at once given by her Majesty.

The London correspondent of the provincial press, when he is biting his pen for a paragraph, generally marries the Duke of Norfolk. There is, however, not a word of truth in the report that the Duke is engaged to Miss M. Tavish, a Catholic young lady, well known in Baltimore, and lately pleasantly known in London. As the supposed pretence has not yet been her, the announcement of the engagement is at least premature.

The Duchess of Albany paid a visit on Thursday to Colonel and Mrs. Russell at Aden. She was met at Mintlaw Station by Colonel and Mrs. Russell, and a guard of honour of the Buchanan Rifles. The day was fine, and was spent in walking through the lovely grounds and gardens, where the duchess planted a tree. Mrs. Russell was lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Albany before her marriage, and the duchess was much attached to her. Colonel and Mrs. Russell have been married but a very short time, and are still supposed to be spending their honeymoon at Aden.

Let us hope the Duchess of Albany is not going to emulate the example of her Royal mother-in-law by intruding too early into the sacred isolation that surrounds newly-wedded people.

Canon Pigou's preference to the deanery of Chichester means a considerable loss of income to him, as the net value of the deanery is about £200 a year, whereas the vicarage of Halifax is worth nearly £2,000 a year. The living is in the gift of the Crown; and it was Lord Beaconsfield who appointed Canon Pigou on the death of Archdeacon Musgrave; but on that vacancy the first offer was made to the Rev. Henry White of the Savoy. Canon Pigou and Mrs. Pigou were staying at Chichester last week, and they attended two services in the cathedral and visited the deanery, and he had interviews with Canon Cross (in residence) and Sir Robert Raper, the chapter clerk.

"Mistakes" concerning civic affairs are apparently never-ending, from Mr. Bottomley's Fifth upwards. On the subject of a Sanitary Council, a considerable circulation commences an article by stating that Mr. Alderman Whitehead, the Lord Mayor elect, "will enjoy the equivocal distinction of breaking the long chain of Conservative Lords Mayor" (sic). This error, for what it is worth—I confess I hardly follow the deduction—may at once be corrected by giving names and political parties of, say, the last eight elected by the livery. Of these, Mr. Arthur, Knight, Nottage and De Keyser were Liberals, and Ellis, Fowler, Staples, and Hanson, Conservatives. So much for the "long chain." I seem, too, to recollect such names as Lawrence, Phillips, Dakin, Waterloo, and Lusk, on the Liberal side of the way, and excellent "Lords Mayor" they were.

(From Truth.)

The Princess of Wales has invited the Queen of Hanover and her eldest daughter, Princess Marie, with whom the Duke of Connaught was desperately in love, but she refused him twice, to visit her at Sandringham during next winter.

I hear from Berlin that nothing which has happened during the last three months has annoyed and exasperated the Empress Victoria so much as the Emperor's refusal to grant her the use of the Neue Palais at Potsdam, which has been her country residence ever since her marriage. The Empress is intensely grieved at having to leave a place around which so many cherished memories cluster, and the Emperor's decision is assuredly most regrettable, and also censurable, for he certainly has no intention of inhabiting the Neue Palais, so that there is not a shadow of justification for his refusal to grant the place to his mother.

The Empress, as I stated several weeks ago, is to have the Charlottenhof, a Roman villa which was built about sixty years ago by Frederick William III.

Since the Empress of Russia went to Gmunden to pass a few days with her sisters, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Cumberland (whom the Empress had not seen since her illness), paragraphs have appeared in numerous papers announcing the approaching betrothal of the Cesarewitch tone of the daughters of the Prince of Wales. There is not the slightest truth in these statements, which are palpably preposterous, inasmuch as the laws of the Greek Church positively prohibit the marriage of cousins, and the eldest son of the Czar is the very last person in the world who could afford to ignore such a rule. The Cesarewitch will almost certainly marry one of the beautiful and talented daughters of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro.

A marriage has been arranged between Prince George, second son of the King of the Belgians, and Princess Marguerite of the old young daughter of the Duke of Orleans. Prince George, who was born in July 1869, is an officer in the Danish navy, and his future wife, who is six months his senior, will have a fortune of £3,000 a year. Princess Marie, the elder daughter of the Duc de Chartres, is married to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, the uncle of Prince George, so this is another match which will create some complicated relationships.

The succession duty payable to the Austrian Government by Prince Adolphus Schwarzenberg, as the heir of his father, the late Prince John, amounts to £200,000. The fortune of the late Prince Schwarzenberg, including his vast estates in Bohemia and Upper Austria, exceeds ten and half millions sterling.

There is a strong suspicion at Belgrade that if King Milan gets rid of Queen Nathalie he will marry his friend Madame Christies, who could easily procure a divorce from her accommodating husband, who is his Majesty's private secretary. Madame Christies, who is a Greek, is very handsome and very clever, and a few weeks ago she left Belgrade for Constantinople, carrying off with her the superb diamonds and other Crown jewels which the king recently gave to her. The idea that Madame Christies intends to become Queen of Serbia has not tended to improve King Milan's chances of obtaining a divorce, and it is probable that a simple separation will be the end of his disputes with Queen Nathalie, who has been most hospitably entertained at the Castle of Sinaia (where the Prince of Wales is to arrive to-day) by the King and Queen of Roumania.

NATIONAL MOVEMENT OF CONSERVATIVE WORKING MEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE."  
Sir,—Will you please publish this letter and make known that a conference of the above will be held on November 3rd, 1888, at Anderson's Hotel, Fleet-street, London. All Conservatives are invited, who, on receipt of a stamped directed envelope, will receive the necessary particulars. Yours, &c., HENRY COLLINS, Secretary, 25, Kensington-place, Notting Hill Gate, London.

THE HAVERSTOCK-HILL MYSTERY.  
On Wednesday afternoon, at the Marylebone Police Court, James Mackell, described as a fitter, of Wood Sea, Portland Park Hamilton, Lanarkshire, was brought up on remand before Mr. De Rutzen, charged with causing the death of John King, by throwing him out of a train in the Haverstock Hill Tunnel of the Midland Railway, at 9.30 p.m. on the 11th ult.—The witness Matheson, recalled, said the prisoner and King came from Sydney in the Ormsby steamship, and landed at Tilbury Docks. He afterwards saw them at the railway station; they were all the worse for drink. Between St. Pancras and Kentish Town King and the prisoner had words, but whether the prisoner took off his coat he could not say. At that time the prisoner was wearing a shirt. The witness got out of the carriage at Kentish Town, and left two or more persons behind him.—The guard, John Smith, recalled, said it took five minutes for the express to run from St. Pancras to Kentish Town. From there to the spot where the body was found would take the train three and a half minutes, and to where the shirts were found an additional minute and a half or two minutes.—Charles See, fireman, of Berfield-street, Glasgow, said he was engaged on the Ormsby steamship. They arrived at Tilbury on Tuesday morning of last week. The prisoner was

On Board as a Stowaway.  
The deceased King was a passenger by the vessel. The witness and seven more were fellow passengers by the train going to the north. The prisoner tried to get into the witness's carriage, but did not succeed. He was the worse for drink.—Alfred Whitbread, an omnibus driver, in the employ of the Midland Railway Company, said he rode by the train in question. In the same compartment he saw the deceased John King and a man very much like the prisoner. Matheson, one of the party, and the prisoner, challenged King to fight, and they got up and took off their coats, but the witness pushed them back on to the seat and would not let them fight. They then shook hands and became friends. At Kentish Town the witness and a friend of his got out. He left in the carriage King, the prisoner, and a man named Matheson. The men had bottles containing spirits.—Hugh Meikle, a greengrocer, of Duke-street, Kilmarlock, gave evidence similar to that published last week in the evidence of Inspector Banister, to whom the witness had made a statement. The witness said the prisoner said he had thrown his shirts out of the window of the train as they were blood-stained and torn. The prisoner was under the influence of drink, but was sensible enough to know what he was saying. The prisoner had a red mark on the side of his right eye, as though from a blow. There were blood marks on one of the windows, and the floor of the railway carriage was very dirty. The prisoner gave the witness the impression that the man he said he had thrown out of the carriage was a stranger to him and a very rough man. At Glasgow they all parted, and the witness took no further notice of the matter until he read the report of the inquest.—John Cowan, gardener, of Dean Mount, Kilmarlock, said he travelled with the previous witness and the prisoner from Kilmarlock to Glasgow on the day in question. The prisoner offered witness something to drink and he drank a little, it was rum. The prisoner said a strange man was in the railway carriage when the train started from London, and he looked very fierce. He (the prisoner) had a drink from his bottle, and the stranger drank with him. After that the stranger man asked him if he could do anything, and the prisoner answered "in what fashion," and the stranger replied,

"With the Fists."  
The prisoner said he could defend himself, and the stranger thereupon struck him on the right cheek. The prisoner said he took off his coat and fought with him, and after fighting with him he "chucked" or threw him out of the window of the carriage. The witness asked the prisoner if, when he had thrown the man out, he did not look to see what became of him. The prisoner replied that he saw the deceased pass along outside the carriage as though he was walking along the footboard of the train to another compartment. At the time of the fight he had two shirts on, but they became torn and besmeared with blood, so he took them off and threw them out of the window. The witness did not at the time believe the prisoner's statement; he regarded it as a sailor's swag. John Fiddes, a constable in the Glasgow police force, said he saw the prisoner between eleven and twelve a.m. on Glasgow on the 12th very drunk, and lying in a helpless condition on the road, and he took him to custody. The following day he was brought before the magistrate, and was fined 5s., and as he only had 1s. 10d. on him he was in prison four days. The prisoner had no shirt on at the time.—William Reece, a surgeon, of Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, said he examined the body of the deceased man King, and in his opinion the cause of death was fracture of the skull and consequent injury to the brain. A fight would not account for the injuries. It must have been something much more violent—say, a fall from a train. Except a rent in the sleeve of the coat the deceased's clothes were intact.—Inspector Banister said the prisoner had the means admitted that the cap found on the railway belonged to him.—Mr. Poland said Inspector Banister in this, as in all other cases, had taken great pains to collect every possible piece of evidence both for and against the prisoner.—Mr. De Rutzen said he concurred as to the admirable way in which the case had been got up by Inspector Banister. He committed the prisoner for trial.

BABY LIFE AT THE EAST-END.  
Shocking Cruelty to an Infant at Poplar.

Before Mr. Saunders, at the Thames Police Court, John Tein, 27, Painter, and Elizabeth Robin, 27, Wife, both living at 10, Hale-street, Poplar, were charged with unlawfully and wilfully neglecting to provide adequate food, clothing, and medical aid for their child Daniel, aged 2½ years, whereby his health is seriously impaired.

Francis Webster, relieving officer to the Poplar Board of Guardians, stated that he proceeded to the prisoners' house on the 29th ult. On going up to their room he saw the little boy Daniel by himself. In the room was an iron bedstead; the child was lying on it with only a little shirt on. The stench from the room was unbearable. The place was covered with human excrement. There was no food in the room.

Witness at once fetched Dr. Harvey, who saw the child. The child was too weak to speak or cry out, and was very emaciated. As witness left the house he saw the male prisoner coming down the street in a drunken condition. The child was afterwards removed to the infirmary.—Eleanor Harris, the landlady of the house, said the prisoners paid 3s. a week for the room. They had altogether five children, and had lived with her for nearly two years. The male prisoner was a hard-working man, but generally got drunk on Saturdays.—On Friday afternoon the female prisoner borrowed 10s. to buy food for the children. She went out with the money, and did not return until between eleven and twelve on Saturday night. The children were left all that time without food. During Saturday afternoon all the children, with the exception of Daniel, were sent for. When the father came home on Saturday night he was in drink. When witness saw the child on Saturday night he was in a filthy condition, and the stench from the room was something dreadful. Witness had given prisoners notice time after time to quit. Witness had many times given the children food. The mother continually neglected them. The neighbours had thrown food to the children through the window. She had been afraid to give information

to the police, and she was still in bodily fear, as the male prisoner had previously assaulted her.—Dr. Thomas Harvey stated when he saw the room it was in a filthy condition. The poor child was very emaciated, and was almost dying from starvation and neglect. He considered the child's life was in danger. It had only a single garment on. The child was now very much improved, although it was still very weak, and hardly able to speak or cry.—Warrant-officer Baker stated when he arrested the prisoners the woman said, "I had a row with the old man on Saturday night, and I have not been home since." The man was very drunk at the time.—The relieving officer said the man earned about 5s. a day, and was at work last week.—Mr. Saunders remanded the prisoners for a week.

THE GARDEN.  
(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE PEOPLE.")

Planting Bulbs.  
All kinds of bulbs may now be planted. If they succeed bedding and other summer flowering plants it will be advisable to ensure and dig the soil previously to planting them. In a general way all the smaller bulbs may be covered three inches deep. In light land daffodils and all the members of the lily family may be planted six inches deep. The lilies must be worked into the back grounds, the daffodils will come more appropriately into the centre of the borders, and the snowdrops and crocuses along the front. Masses of the golden acornite on shady, shelving banks, are always beautiful, and when planted should be allowed to remain for twenty years or more. Hyacinths are pretty for beds, or may be planted in the centre with dwarf plants around them. Tulips, again, make pretty beds planted somewhat thickly, only about eight inches apart. Hyacinths should be planted nearly as thick to be really effective. Place a little coarse sand round the bulb, and to keep the base of the bulb healthy. If the ground is cold and heavy, and shallow planting is adopted, a mulch, two inches thick, of old leaf-mould or cocoa fibre will be very beneficial. Among miscellaneous bulbs which may be planted now are the Fritillarias or Crown Imperial, Zephyrathus, Ornithogalum, and Alstroemerias. All these are best when planted and left undisturbed for some years.

Primroses and Daisies  
may be planted now in quantity, with the certainty that they will not disappoint us. Violets, also, which have been properly prepared, will soon be showing their blossoms, and if lifted from the open border where they have been making their growth, and planted at the foot of a wall or warm thick hedge they will flower nearly all the winter. The Russian violet, also, for the open air. Marie Louise and the Neapolitan should be planted in frames in the autumn for flowering under glass.

The Blue Forget-Me-Not

and other annuals may be planted in vacant spots everywhere, they will make the place beautiful in spring. A very pretty combination may be had at a small expense by planting a group of roses, say on three-foot stems, in a sheltered situation, as roses will always be sheltered. Among the roses are planted bulbs, as follows:—A line of blue squills, Scilla Siberica, round the outside two inches apart. These flower in March, and are very pretty. About three inches inside the squills plant a double row of single snowdrops. I like the single best, but those who prefer the double may plant them three inches inside the snowdrops, with a thick line of gold, purple, and white crocuses alternately, or the gold might be planted in a row by itself, and the purple and white alternated. Next a double row of hyacinths, and the centre might either be filled up with daffodils or tulips. When the bulbs die down scatter over the surface a few seeds of the virginian stock which will soon make all neat and nice at a trifling expense, or other annuals such as German stocks may be planted among them, only the virginian stock does not rob the land very much, and it will succeed without much disturbance of the bulbs.

Pears Cracking on the Trees.  
The unfavourable character of the season has been forcibly impressed on the fruit of many of the pear trees, especially on cold soils. I have lately seen much inferior fruit in the midland counties that will hardly pay for gathering. Old trees will be much benefited now by having the soil removed from over the roots. A heavy dressing of rich manure placed thereon and the soil returned if better soil cannot be had. The land is in nice order now for planting cabbages and lettuces for standing the winter.

Plantations of Strawberries  
may still be made, though it is late for the work. Still there is a good deal of warmth in the land, and the roots will soon get established. Viscountess de Thury and President are excellent kinds. Sir J. Paxton is also a fine variety, much thought of among market growers. Strawberries planted in August may have the soil pressed around the necks of the plants with the feet if they appear loose. Firmness is very beneficial.

The Dahlias  
in much variety are still very bright. The cactus varieties are among the most beautiful from a decorative point of view. When the frost kills the top, they should be cut down, and in the course of a week the roots lifted, placed in an open shed to dry and ripen, and then be packed away in some cool but frost-proof place. Dahlias do not require heat in winter if the frost does not reach them. The cooler they are kept the better, as if kept too dry and warm the tubers will have all the life dried and killed out of them. They may be kept safely in any cool building if thickly enveloped in straw, or they may be well-dried and then pitted like potatoes.

Window Plants.

Small shrubs are very useful for the outside garden in winter. The various forms of the Euonymus are very pretty for the purposes, especially in mild districts or for sheltered positions. By the seaside, especially on the south coast, it seems the one plant useful. Small plants of the Garden cypress will be useful, and will also the variegated and green berry-bearing aucubas. Several kinds of Veronicas are very pretty just now, and the early chrysanthemums are opening here and there a blossom. All tender plants in the open air it is intended to save should be protected lightly every cold night, or else be placed under cover.

ADAM.

THE SALE OF "POULTRY"  
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THE HAVERSTOCK-HILL MYSTERY.

On Wednesday afternoon, at the Marylebone Police Court

**LYCEUM.**

**GLOBE.**

**SAVOY.**

strained by his manliness to return the affection of Fairfax, Elsie is forced to reject the proffered suit by reason of her union with the husband she has just seen. Upon this, Fairfax joyfully declares himself to receive the joyful embrace of his bride as the announcement of his reprieve is brought in to complete their happiness. An important and interesting personage in the plot is Phoebe Moryll, the Sergeant's merry daughter, who, sympathetically conspiring with her father to save Fairfax, intrusts the keys of his cell from her lover, Wilfred Shadbolt, the loutish head-jailer of the Tower. This story is set to music, the light not to say thin melodies of which, garnished and enriched by exquisite orchestration, are furthermore made dulcet to the ear by the admirable singing of the performers. The two sweetest solos are all those of Miss Elsie Bond, supplemented by the arch piquancy of her acting as the pert Sergeant's daughter, won for her the honours of the evening among the ladies. Miss Ulmar, as Elsie, exhibited more charm in her acting than in her singing, partly because the music gave her little chance of scoring. Miss Brandram, with her mellow voice, found but poor occasion for its use, either as vocalist or actress, in the rather used-up character of a designing old maid. And, strange to say, but slight opportunity was afforded to Mr. George Grossmith for the expression of his quaint humour as the Strolling Jester. This character, which it was expected would show Mr. Gilbert's ironic gifts at their best, was absolutely without point, save in the nature. In fact, the writing of the libretto throughout is strictly in the manner of a few lines, in which the dramatist breaking away from the past, with which his genius has nothing in common, gives free vent to caustic witticisms characteristic alike in phrase and spirit of the present. Mr. Temple acted and sang perfectly as the old Sergeant Beefeater, and Mr. W. Brownlow did the like good service as the Governor of the Tower. As Colonel Danford, Mr. Pounds made a favourable first appearance at the Savoy, proving himself an accomplished musician, despite the fact of his light, but pleasing, tenor voice, showing want of tone by reason of hoarseness. An equal success was made by Mr. W. H. Denny as the jealous jailer; in addition to being a good actor the dry taste and humour of this character stamped him as an admirable actor. His scenes with Miss Bond were undoubtedly the most amusing in the opera. Several numbers of which, more especially in the concerted pieces, including a pretty madrigal, were demanded twice and even thrice. The perfection of the ensemble went far towards securing for "The Yeoman of the Guard" a cordial reception, but the work at best will take but second rank in the brilliant series of Gilbert and Sullivan's stage productions.

**FORESTERS' MUSIC HALL.**

### THE RESULT OF JEALOUSY.

**MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.**

**THE ROBERT AT GENERAL FANE HUTCHINSON'S.**—Edward Rook was indicted for breaking and entering the dwelling-house of General Robert Fane Hutchinson, of 35, Clanricarde Gardens, W., and stealing twelve spoons, twelve forks, and other articles, of the value of £38.—Mr. Scudamore (for Mr. Hutton) prosecuted.—On the afternoon of September 13th, Police-constable Page, 173 X, saw the prisoner in the Harrow-road, by a parcel under his arm. He watched him go into several second-hand shops and offer the articles mentioned in the indictment for sale, for 8s., but he refused to dispose of them. When asked what he had under his arm, he replied, "Only a bit of wood to light a fire with." He then dropped the bundle, which the officer picked up, and he afterwards took the prisoner into custody. When charged he declared he had picked the articles up in the Richmond-road.—Other witnesses proved that General Hutchinson's furniture had been carried into the Harrow-road, and that the prisoner had been found by the jury, found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour.

**THE EXTENSIVE ROBBERY OF FURS.**—Edgar John Lavers, 27, labourer, was indicted for having stolen twelve sealskin jackets, value £200, stolen goods from Thomas Simpson, his master, and a labourer, aged 36, a labourer, surrendered to his bail charged with having received the same, well knowing them to have been stolen. Mr. J. P. Grain prosecuted; and Mr. Gill, instructed by Mr. Newton, defended.—Lloyd pleaded guilty at an early stage of the proceedings, and gave evidence against Lavers.—The jury found them both guilty, and Lavers was sentenced to ten months' and Lloyd to sixteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.

### BEHEADING A DEAD MAN.

A salt smuggler was lately captured in the neighborhood of Shanghai after a desperate fight with the custom officers. He was captured in a badly wounded condition, and died in prison. But as he had been a desperate smuggler, the magistrate received orders from the superior authorities that the corpse was to be decapitated. The magistrate, therefore, accompanied by the captain of the garrison, proceeded to the execution ground outside the west gate of Shanghai. In the morning, the morning breeze was fresh and two chairs were ready for them. The coffin of the smuggler was then deposited close by, and after a short pause the magistrate threw down a bamboo slip on which the punishment was written, and the executioner forthwith took out the body and cut off the head. The latter was enclosed in a small wooden cage, which was sent to be exposed at the scene of the crime, and the civil and military officers, the garrison and the crowd of chairs were returned by a different street to their respective offices.

**CRANLEIGH SCHOOL SPORTS.**

These sports took place on Saturday, the 23rd ult., on the village common. For some time after the afternoon session of the ball game, there was no rain. The sports were undisturbed by the able direction of Mr. H. E. Casswell, one of the best of the assistant masters, and on the ground was the band of the 2nd Battalion West Surrey Regiment, conducted by Mr. C. J. Coleman. The head master, the Rev. Dr. Merriman, and the other members of the staff were present. The sports were well patronized, and Coleman entertained the company at afternoon tea. The cricket ball throwing was won by C. D. McClockie, who threw 25 yards. The mile race led to an exciting struggle between the first three—A. Warner, J. F. M. Seal, & W. Drummond. The high jump—after 15 ft. was won by E. F. Drummond, and the long jump—after 20 ft. was won by A. Warner. The consolation race brought the sports to an end, and the prizes were then distributed in the pavilion, amid hearty cheers.

On Saturday the Westminster coroner was informed of the death of Ada Verrinder, aged months, the daughter of parents residing at Garden-row, Brompton-road, who was found dead in bed on the previous morning.

On Saturday afternoon James Lucking, aged 3 years, residing at 82, Bronkett-road, Rotherhithe, was in the act of stooping to pick some money up when one of two chisels he had in his breast coat pocket pierced his side, inflicting a fearful wound. He was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital.

A St. Petersburg correspondent says that it has now transpired that the mysterious death of Mdlk Sharshavenoi, whose dead body, as recently announced from Vienna, was found in a box, was not the work of Nihilists. A wealthy landowner was believed to be the murderer.

The Marquis of Hartington was presented on Wednesday with the freedom of Inverness, and in the evening addressed a crowded Unionist gathering, by whom he was most cordially received. He replied at some length to Mr. Gladstone's misstatements, and to the objection to the Liberal Unionist leaders sitting upon the front Opposition bench, Lord Hartington went on to show the advantage which the country had derived from the alliance between Liberal Unionists and Conservatives. In considering the question of Home Rule, he showed that if it were conceded to Ireland it must be extended to other portions of the Empire, and the general Imperial interests would consequently suffer. In fact the Constitution of the country would have to be entirely re-

**LADIES' SILENTS.**—Pamphlet free.—Every sufferer should write for a new pamphlet on the "Disease of Women," just issued by Mr. C. E. Harness, Consulting Medical Electrician, 33, Oxford-street, London, W. It will be sent, under cover free by post on application. Note the address, and call or write for it as once before you forget it.—[Adv.]

### 564 Natives Killed.

According to a report received in Liverpool, the British expedition which was sent into the Congo country recently has met with very serious opposition, and in consequence a great number of natives on both sides have been killed. The expedition was organised to punish the natives in question for the murder of the British officer Captain Dalrymple. This gentleman went into the interior of the Gold Coast Colony to try and settle the differences between two powerful tribes who were at war and blocking the trade routes. Captain Dalrymple, it is said, succeeded in inducing the natives on one side to return to their country, but subsequently he was killed by the others. The force organised to punish the natives for the murder consisted of Houses of troops brought from several parts of the Gold Coast and from Lagos. These were under the direction of English officers, and went from a place called Winneba. No exact particulars of the fighting appear to have been received, but from the report which has reached Liverpool it would appear as if the force met with very great opposition, as it is reported that about 500 of the enemy were killed. The natives were well armed, and are said to have inflicted severe losses on the Houses, 64 of whom are said to have been killed in the battle. The British force only numbered two or three hundred men, but the natives were met with in strong force. The Congo country is just behind the German territory of Bagaida, and after the fight the British Governor is said to have sent a communication to the German Governor of Bagaida informing him of the result. It was not stated in the report if there were many injured on either side.

**A GENUINE PARISIAN TRAGEDY.**

Parisians have just had, a correspondent says, a sensation of their own in the shape of a local drama of the typical kind. He has found that his life has been in the company of a shop assistant and he accordingly shot the man dead in most determined and deliberate manner. M. Coignet, the chemist in place Pétre, has his shop at No. 7, in the Place Pétre, just above the end of the Boulevard Malesherbes, and near the railway of the Ceinture. He is a little man, about 34 years old, and always passed for a hard-working honourable person. He has been established in the locality for the past ten years, and after his business was over he usually amused himself by stargazing, and some of his night observations were of a far from scientific kind. Coignet's liking for the study of astronomical science. Late on summer evenings the chemist was always to be seen on the footpath outside his shop, his telescope pointing to the heavens, and his notebook near him on a chair ready to receive his scientific jottings. Madame Coignet is a rather good-looking woman, about four years younger than her husband, and she has two children—one a girl five years old, and the other a baby in arms. Unknown to her husband Madame Coignet had for some time carried on a liaison with the shop assistant, Charles Courdal, a young man of twenty-one. The predilection of Madame Coignet for the assistant had long been the talk of the locality, and was frequently commented upon by the good wives around. Nevertheless, the chemist had no suspicions until Wednesday morning, when, after having returned from the school to which he had taken his little daughter, he called out for Courdal, who was not in the shop. Receiving no reply, M. Coignet went into his dining-room behind the shop, and then saw Courdal coming out. Madame Coignet, bedroom. The chemist, pale with rage and indignation, asked his wife what she had to say to his assistant. "We have been kissing one another," she replied; and the husband, after rushing to his book-case for a revolver, pointed the weapon at Courdal, who ran back to the bedroom and tried to escape into the street by a window. He became, however, entangled in the window-curtains, and while he was trying to extricate himself the chemist fired point blank at him. Courdal received three shots, and his last utterance was "Madame, I am killed." He died. Madame Coignet, who ran to the porter's lodge, was brought back by the police-inspector, who had been sent for. The chemist, on being examined before the procureur de la république, stated that he was not master of himself when he fired. He was sorry for having been so excited, and avowed that his first intention was to make his wife and the assistant admit their guilt and then to institute proceedings in the Divorce Court. The chemist was temporarily released from custody, and continued to transact business in his shop until the "Madame," under the supervision of the agents of the law, and played with her baby in a room contiguous to that in which the dead body of her clandestine lover was awaiting the arrival of the legal officials who were to continue the inquiry.

### ROBBERIES AT CLERGYMEN'S HOUSES.

Jane Perry, 32, a dark complexioned woman of slight build, who refused her address and any account of herself, was charged before Mr. Partridge at Westminster Police Court, with stealing wearing apparel belonging to J. S. Thorpe, a cooper, of 11, Shuburnham-road, Chelsea, a mission box containing 30s., which was in charge of the Rev. Arthur E. Dibbin, a lodger at the above address, a silver salver and pair of salt-cellars, the property of the Rev. Ralph Walker, curate of Holy Trinity, Upper Chelsea, and an ornamental clock, the property of Mr. C. Holland, of 21, St. Leonard's-terrace, Chelsea. — It was stated that the prisoner had systematically visited clergymen on different pretexts, her excuses for the call being generally an appeal for assistance, and that during their temporary absence to write a letter, or for any other cause, she stole anything she could lay her hands on and escaped. On the 29th ult. she was taken to the Rev. A. E. Dibbin, curate of St. John's, Tadema-road, Chelsea, and Mr. Thorpe, the landlord of the house, showed her into one of his own rooms. She told the rev. gentleman that she had been in service and out of a situation five weeks, but was destitute until she obtained help from her friends at Bury St. Edmunds. Mr. Dibbin, not quite satisfied with her story, left the apartment to write a letter to the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, and on his return the prisoner had gone with the mission box and the wearing apparel belonging to Mr. Thorpe and to write. The evidence in the case was given by the Rev. Ralph Walker, to the effect that the prisoner called on him on Friday night, September 28th, at his private residence, 160, Sloane-street. She was shown by the servant into his front sitting-room, and managed to get out with the silver. She tried to pledge it at the shop of Mr. Webster, in the Pimlico-road, but the assistant gave information to the police which led to her arrest. Another case was gone into where the prisoner called on the Rev. Mr. Baker, curate of Christ Church, Chelsea, at 21, St. Leonard's-terrace, and being informed that he was out, asked to walk to his house. She was shown into the parlour by Mr. Holland, the curate, and before five minutes had elapsed she walked out with the clock from the mantel-piece. This she pledged for a few shillings in the immediate neighbourhood. — Detective-sergeant Richardson, who arrested the prisoner, said no doubt other similar charges would be preferred against her. — Mr. Partridge fully committed her for trial on the three charges.

On Saturday Charles Freshwater, aged 39 years, a bank messenger, while cleaning a window at his residence at 20, Sanson-street, Camberwell, put his hand through a pane of glass, severing an artery. He was admitted to the Clayton Ward at St. Thomas's Hospital.

## FATAL FIGHT IN CLARE MARKET.

**MR. JOHN TROUTBECK**, the coroner for Westminster, held an inquiry at St. Clement Dances Vestry Hall into the circumstances attending the death of George T. Bowden, a seaman, lately residing at 6 Stanhope-street, Clarendon Market, who died from injuries alleged to have been inflicted in a fight by William Bowdan, a market-porter, as reported in the *People* last week. **Mr. J. T. Moss**, solicitor, appeared for the accused.—The facts of the case have already been reported.—**Alice Elizabeth Bowdan**, the wife of the accused, residing at 6, Stanhope-street, deposed that she was standing at her window with her two children shortly before six o'clock on the 25th ult., just as her husband had left the house. Deceased came along at the time, and commenced to call witness four names without any provocation. Witness asked her husband if he heard what the deceased had called her, whereupon deceased caught hold of her husband by the throat. Her husband pushed the deceased away, when the latter fell down and fell **William Bowdan**, after being cautioned by the coroner, stated that the deceased, upon being admonished with on his bad language, struck him on the mouth, when he (Bowdan) pushed him and he fell.—**Mr. Owen Theobald**, house-surgeon at King's College Hospital, stated that deceased was quite dead when brought there, death being due to rupture of a vessel at the base of the brain accelerated by the fall.—The jury returned a verdict of death by misadventure.

### CHARGE OF LIBELLING A DAUGHTER.

**CHARGE OF LIBELLING A PRISONER.**  
At the Marlborough Police Court, Mary Dwyer, aged 60, of Wesley Avenue, Broadwood, Fulham, was charged with libel on the 7th ult., publishing a defamatory letter addressed to and concerning Mrs. Winifred Cavendish, medical rubber, of 59, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square. Mr. Froke Palmer, solicitor, was for the prosecution.—He explained that the prosecutrix was the daughter of the prisoner. This was a somewhat painful case, but the prosecutrix was obliged for her own protection to take these proceedings, as her mother seemed bent on ruining her. The fact was the prosecutrix had vastly improved her position in life. Her mother was envious of her, and she had subjected her to systematic annoyance. He called the prosecutrix, who said she prosecuted her mother last March, and the magistrate then cautioned her. Immediately afterwards she was charged at this court, and the magistrate then sentenced her to twenty days imprisonment. About midnight of the night of the 7th ult. the prosecutrix's daughter and the charwoman heard something put into the letter-box; her daughter took it out and began to read it aloud. Prosecutrix shouted, "Good gracious me; give it to me!" and she took it from her. Mr. Palmer read the letter aloud. It consisted of a violent attack on her daughter, whom she described as an immoral person—a very bad character. It also contained very serious allegations of a criminal nature. The contents of the letter (which was without any cover) were wholly untrue.—The Prisoner: Every word of it is true!—The prosecutrix said her mother had for years threatened to ruin her, and she had been obliged to leave England for her security, and once she had returned she was systematically annoyed her.—The Prisoner: How long is it since you left your husband and children?—Prosecutrix: I cannot tell; I have never left my children.—Mr. De Rutzen said he could not allow a justification to be pleaded.—Angusta Foster, a daughter of the prosecutrix, proved taking out the letter from the box, and on looking out of the street door she saw the prisoner on the bottom step and no one near her.—Warrant-officer Colebrook, D Division, said he arrested the prisoner at 59, Upper Wimpole-street, on Saturday night. On the way to the station she said, "I suppose this is about that letter." She also said the letter was written at her dictation by a girl who was with her (prisoner) in the prison in the last Infirmary. As soon as she left the infirmary she went to her daughter's house, at 59, Wimpole-street, and put the letter into the box.—Asked if she had anything to say to the charge, the prisoner said she only wanted to show that what she had written in the letter was true.—Mr. De Rutzen committed the prisoner for trial.

On Saturday afternoon the remains of Mr. Wm. McPherson, aged 39, of 50, Rectory-buildings, Deptford, were interred at Brockley Cemetery. The deceased, who died suddenly, was a prominent member of Good Templars and of the Phoenix Order, and several hundred of his fellow members followed with banners, the procession being a very long one.

The following appointments were on Saturday notified at the Admiralty:—Commander Frederick Echlin, to the Belleisle, additional for Coastguard service at Kingstown. Lieutenants Frederick E. C. Ryan, to the Martin; Francis A. Banks, to the Unicorn. Fleet-engineer Richard H. Trubshaw, to the Hibernia, additional. Gunners James Allen, to the Boscawen; John B. Thomas (acting) to the Daphne.

## SYMPATHY FOR CHILD

**SYMPATHY FOR CHILDREN,**  
(FROM "THE SOUTHWEST VISITOR.")  
**THERE** is nothing that touches the tender chord of sympathy so quickly as to witness the suffering of children who are wholly dependent on what others do for them. A case in point, and one which should excite the sympathy of all who have children of their own, is that of little Annie James Allison, now years old of 4, Bedford Street, New Cross, London, S.E., whose long years of suffering, as narrated below, were brought to our attention by a gentleman who is familiar with all the particulars.

all the particulars:—

"It seems that about nine years ago the mother noticed a swelling of the child's knee, accompanied by severe pain. The family doctor advised taking her to Guy's Hospital, where she was admitted to the wards, and the child was kept there for some time, having obtained no relief, she was taken to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, W.C., where she attended for nearly four years. Dr. Marsh, F.R.C.S., senior surgeon to the above hospital, author of 'Diseases of the Joints,' and lecturer on 'Hip Diseases,' stated that the child was in great danger, and might lose her leg." She was then taken to the London Hospital. The attending surgeon, Mr. Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S., L.S.A. &c., said "the case was very bad one." Through the influence of Miss Thovmas, a friend of the mother, and Dr. Mitchell, the senior doctor, she was admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital, where she remained for several weeks, under the immediate care and attention of that eminent authority, Dr. Sydney Jones, senior surgeon, and lecturer on surgery, but she continued to grow steadily worse. On the hospital card which Dr. Jones gave the child's mother he described the case as 'white swelling.' At this time her bodily health began to decline, and the parents became so alarmed that they took her to the sea coast. Her suffering was fearful to behold. Her screams night and day were heart-rending, and she was unable to lie down, and she was so restless that she was moved without going into spasms; she could not even bear the weight of the bed clothes on her knee. In desperation the parents went back with her again to St. Thomas's Hospital, but they could do nothing more for her. Through the influence of a local physician, she was again brought before Dr. Treves, of the London Hospital, who, after making another thorough examination, stated plainly to the mother that he 'could do nothing whatever for her.' She could not move without the most excruciating pain, and then only by the greatest effort, accompanied by the most intense groaning. Her mother, who was a Quaker and her life was despaired of. At this critical period the father began to hear of most marvellous cures wrought by a newly-discovered Oil, which he happened to procure and tried on his little sufferer, when almost directly the pain began to ease, the swelling to disappear, and for the first time in years the child began to sleep soundly at night. Continuing to use this magical Oil, it was but a short time before one of the two crutches, which for years the little one had been obliged to use, fell away, and she was able to walk. The other crutch was thrown away, and the pain also became less intense. In a few weeks the remaining crutch was relinquished, and she was able to walk without any aid. The mother, who had been so sick; later on the child was able to walk, and the crutches and the little patient had emerged from a life of most intense suffering and danger, to complete freedom from pain, and she now walks without the aid of crutch or stick."

which is the Oil above referred to, "conquers pain" in every instance, a gentleman connected with this paper could furnish additional evidence from his own personal experience. He applied the Oil upon himself, when suffering the most intense agony, and all pain disappeared in ten minutes. He now considers St. Jacobs Oil a household necessity, and would no more think of going a journey without a bottle or two of the Oil than his portmanteau than he would without his top coat.

His experience, to our personal knowledge, is that of other well-known citizens of Southport.



To such persons, if any such there be, we

cordially commend Mr. BALFOUR's plain statement of the facts. Seven months after leaving prison Mr. MANDEVILLE died of acute inflammation of the throat. Straightway the manufacturers of grievances, headed by Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, saw their opportunity. They would have an inquest on the body; the coroner and his jury would obey the orders of the National League, and the dead man be made a martyr to the barbarity of the British Government. The inquest was held, and we all know what happened and how the

Nationalist speakers and writers have glorified the "Mandeville Martyrdom" ever since. In reply to all that, Mr. BALFOUR simply points out—first, that Mr. MANDEVILLE weighed seventeen stone when he went into gaol, and had only lost three pounds when he came out. Secondly, at the time of his release the *Freeman's Journal* stated that he was in excellent health and spirits. In the third place, Mr. MANDEVILLE himself said, two months after he left Tullamore Gaol, that he never felt better in his life. Furthermore, neither his wife, nor anyone about him, ever suggested that he should consult a doctor.

until his last illness. But the most conclusive proof of all is the life which Mr. MANDEVILLE led after he left prison. He was leading, all the time, a life of activity and hard work (not unmingled with pleasure) possible only to a man in robust health. He made speeches at open-air meetings, he attended sales of cattle, he was found enjoying himself late at night in public-houses many miles from home. In short, he was as well as could be. Finally, the greatest medical expert in Ireland in the class of illness from which Mr. MANDEVILLE died gave his sworn testimony that the germs of the illness which killed him could not have been in Mr. MANDEVILLE'S system more than a few days. We should hope that this

weight of evidence will be sufficient to settle the question of the "Mandeville Martyrdom" for ever.

From Mr. BALFOUR's we turn to the second great speech of the week, delivered by Lord HARTINGTON on Wednesday at Inverness. This manly and vigorous utterance is particularly remarkable for the abandonment of the defensive attitude which has been too characteristic of the Liberal wing of the Unionist army in the past. Lord HARTINGTON boldly takes the offensive, and that with all the energy which he habitually displays, and attacks the Separatists hotly all along the line. The central point he desires to bring out is this: that he and his friends, not Mr.

GLADSTONE and the Separatists who follow him in his tortuous career, constitute the true real Liberal party. Mr. GLADSTONE is enraged because Lord HARTINGTON and his followers do not cross the floor of the House of Commons and sit on the same side as the members of the Cabinet and their Conservative opponents.

But to do that would be to admit, in a way, the truth of the Separatist allegation that the Liberal Unionists are no longer Liberals, and that is just what Lord HASTINGTON positively refuses to grant. A Liberal he has been, is, and will remain, though every other member of the old undivided Liberal party should

forsoke its principles to follow Mr. GLADSTONE headlong down the precipice of lawlessness and anarchy over which that statesman is rushing. We should be glad, indeed, to think that Lord HARTINGTON's solemn warning to Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers as to the inevitable consequences of the course they

choose to pursue will make them pause. We are very much afraid that any such hope would be idle. Mr. GLADSTONE has gone too far now to retrace his steps. He has staked his all and stands pledged to win the battle of disruption, or disappear in the confusion of defeat. Lord HARTINGTON

for his part, now says plainly that he never had much hope of a reconciliation between his own followers and those of his old leader. The English Separatists are bound hand and foot, and given into the power of the Parnellites, by whose good pleasure alone they have any influence at all as a party. All the

weapons of an unscrupulous agitation are now placed in their hands, and they are rapidly learning to use them with the mischievous dexterity of their Irish allies. Well may Lord HARTINGTON exclaim, "So long as the Liberal party is animated by these counsels, I trust that it may never return to power."

Sir Charles Warren's letter to the White-chapel Board of Works is decidedly a forcible reply to their complaints. As he very truly observes, no increase in the number of policemen can prevent the occasional occurrence of a murder in cases where the possible victims really compare with the possible offenders. As

really consider what the possible murderers to get into dark places and thus to avoid the observation of the police. Furthermore, the Commissioner of Police fairly returns that as the vicar of St. Jude's has already pointed out—Whitechapel is not lighted as it should be, and that "darkness is an important assistant to crime." As to the demand that he should "regulate and strengthen" the

police force in the district, he very properly points out that, sending men to Whitechapel, means withdrawing them from other parts of London to the danger of the districts thus denuded of their proper supply of constables. For that the public have to thank themselves. If they do not choose to pay for effectual police protection they must not be surprised to find

The President of the French Republic has signed a decree ordering the registration, with full details of nationality, means of subsistence, and so forth, of all foreigners settled

or about to settle, in France. This movement must be regarded as an important sign of the times. France has hitherto, like England, permitted foreigners to establish themselves on French territory without giving any account of themselves. Now that the number of these aliens has increased to over three per cent. of the total population, the Government are inserting the thin end of the wedge which will, no doubt, be ultimately used to get rid of the objectionable strangers who make their home within their gates. Shall we, in this country, take warning in time by the example of our neighbours? Or shall we go on neglecting the precautions which other nations take to prevent the living rubbish of other lands being thrust upon them? If we do not act, and act promptly, we shall find that, while foreign ports are closed to destitute Englishmen, England receives the combined sum of every other country in Europe. "England for the English" is a fair cry; but hitherto it has been raised in vain. The Government, we venture to say, would lose no popularity by introducing a bill to prevent foreign pauper immigration.

### THE WIFE MURDER IN WESTMINSTER.

At the Westminster Police Court on Monday, John Brown, 45, a man of rather powerful build, described as a labourer, working in St. James's Park, was charged before Mr. Partridge with murdering his wife by cutting her throat at 11, Regency Gardens, Regency-street, Westminster. The circumstances of the case were reported in the special Sunday afternoon edition of the People. Mr. Chief Superintendent Dunlop attended on behalf of the Commissioners of Police. Constable Powell, 469 A, deposed that at 11.0 o'clock on the night of the 29th ult. he was at the police-station (Rochester-row) door when the prisoner came running up, and in reply to a question three times repeated as to his business, he said, "I have stabbed my wife." Witness at once took him to Mr. Fairley, the inspector on duty, to whom he repeated the statement. Inspector Fairley, A Division, said that the prisoner was brought into the charge-room by the last witness. Brown said, "I have stabbed my wife at 11, Regency Gardens." Detective-sergeant Walcott was despatched to see if the information was correct, and the prisoner was detained. He had a wild look about the eyes as if strangely excited, but he was perfectly sober. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour a message was received from Sergeant Walcott, and then the prisoner was formally charged with the murder of his wife and placed in a cell. A large spring-backed knife with a single blade, stained with fresh blood, was found on him. Detective-sergeant Walcott said that he went to 11, Regency Gardens, with a constable after the prisoner had given himself up. On arriving there he found two little boys in their shirts standing at the door crying. The prisoner in their step-father. Witness went into the front parlour of the house and saw a woman with her throat cut lying on the floor, with her head resting on her right arm.

### There was a Large Quantity of Blood About.

and she was quite dead, though still warm. Her bonnet was on the floor. Mr. Charles Redding, hard metal worker, living at 12, Regency Gardens, next door to the little three-roomed house occupied solely by the prisoner and his family, stated that during the last three months they had lived there they had frequently quarrelled.—Robert Young, a stepson of the accused, 9 years of age, said that the prisoner came home from work on the afternoon of the 29th ult., and his mother was frightened of him. She intended to leave him the same night. He told her that he had "something in a box" for her, and that then he intended to give himself up. Witness knew his mother went out to see her eldest daughter, and though he had been sent to bed he heard his step-father going in and out. He heard no noise of a scuffle, and was aroused by the knocking of the neighbours.—By the Magistrate: Six or seven weeks ago prisoner went to Westminster Hospital, and was there three or four weeks. He subsequently went to a convalescent home, and on his return there was something the matter with him. He kept saying that "his mother" let men in the house, and would look for them before he went to work in the morning, and when he came home at night he lit matches to peer into corners. One night he walked about and lit an entire box of matches. He sharpened the large knife produced every day before deceased, both at dinner and tea times, although he did not use it at his meals. On Saturday, the 29th September, when he came home from work, deceased told him (witness) that the prisoner was going to try and kill her. Prisoner never got drunk; he was a thoroughly sober man, and only had a little beer at night time.—Detective-inspector Marshall stated that there would be other witnesses on future occasion.—Superintendent Dunlop asked for an adjournment, and the prisoner, who had asked no questions, and all along manifested an indifferent attitude, was remanded for eight days.

### The Inquest.

Mr. John Troutbeck, coroner for Westminster, held an inquest on Wednesday into the death of Sarah Brown.—Evidence of identification having been given by the daughter, who added that her mother had often applied to the magistrates for protection, but the accused had never been confined in an asylum.—Robert Young, the son of the deceased by her first husband, deposed that on the 29th ult. he saw the accused in the house sharpening a knife. The witness went to bed, but was aroused later on, and on coming downstairs he saw his mother lying on the floor in a pool of blood.—Mrs. Charlotte Smith, a neighbour, said the deceased and her husband had often quarrelled, and the latter had threatened "to do for her whether she was prepared or not."—Police evidence was given to the effect that at eleven o'clock on the night of the 29th ult. the accused went to Rochester-row Police Station, and gave herself up, saying, "I have stabbed my wife." The woman was found in the house dead, with her throat cut.—Other evidence, similar to that given at the police court the other day was adduced, showing that the deceased and her husband had lived unhappily together, and that about the time of the murder the woman was heard by a neighbour to cry out, "Oh, don't!" and then a thud on the ground was heard immediately afterwards.—Dr. Archer, of Vincent-square, said the deceased received two wounds in the neck, one of them 3in. and the other 2 1/2in. in length. The cause of death was hemorrhage and partial suffocation.—The coroner having summed up, the jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of wilful murder against John Brown.

### STRANGE STORY FROM PORTSMOUTH

A sensation has, it is said, been caused at Portsmouth on its becoming known that a captain of the Royal Engineers, whose name has not been allowed to transpire, had been placed under arrest for a breach of confidence. Since the work of re-armament commenced, only a few officers have been allowed to visit the Spithead forts, and those not on strict duty are required to obtain an order from the Commander-in-Chief, the general commanding the district, and in those cases they are not permitted to see the secret passages or glean any information regarding the warlike resources of these establishments. It is alleged, however, that the officer in question went over the forts with a visitor from the United States without permission, and that as soon as this became known, he was placed under arrest at Fort Monckton. The matter has been referred to the authorities at the War Office.

### RAILWAY SERVANTS' CONGRESS

The congress of railway servants, which is annually convened by the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, was opened for the sixteenth time in the Assembly Rooms, Preston, on Tuesday morning. There was a large attendance of delegates, who came from most of the important railway centres in the United Kingdom. The chair was occupied by Mr. Harold Lewis, of Bristol and Bath, a vice-president of the society, in the absence, through illness, of Mr. P. S. MacIver, ex-M.P. for Plymouth, who is the president of the society. The Standing Orders Committee was elected, being composed of the Accrington, Swindon, and Manchester delegates. The general secretary (Mr. Edward Harford) read a letter received from the president of the society, in which he regretted his inability to be at the congress, and expressing his hope that the delegates might be unanimous in dealing with the Employers' Liability Bill now before Parliament.—The chairman, in the course of an address with which he opened the congress, said that as one of the travelling public who had, perhaps, more than ordinary opportunities of knowing and of ascertaining what the public opinion was upon railway matters, he did not hesitate to say that the work of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants had been carried on with conspicuous wisdom and steadiness, the railway servants being wise and prudent. (Cheers.) They had upon one side of the picture the question of a dividend for the shareholders, and on the other the blood of the railway servants by which the dividend was earned. It was the fearful loss of life and the shocking injury to limb among the railway servants that they wanted the railway shareholders to be informed of, and to read, as it was shown in the general secretary's able report. No one could travel on the railway without being conscious of the great triumphs of human science and invention which the railway system represented. When they read of railway men being called upon to work sixty-six hours a week, and that they were not paid for overtime unless they did 144 hours a fortnight—when these figures were brought before the public the sympathy of the latter would be secured, and consideration for their own safety as well. (Cheers.) Railway officials talked of engine-drivers being colour-blind, but how could they wonder that the sight of a man riding an excessive length of time on the foot-plate of an engine should be injured. He did not believe that the railway servants, banded together as they were in this admirable society, would do less in the future than they had in the past. In that way the public, who had many things to thank them for, would have increased confidence in travelling on the railways of the country. (Cheers.)—On the motion of the St. Andrew delegate, seconded by the Wellington delegate, and supported by the Blackburn delegates, a cordial vote of thanks was given to the chairman for his address.—The rest of the sitting was occupied with business relating to the organisation which possessed no interest for the public, and the congress was adjourned.—Mr. Harold Lewis, vice-president of the society presided at the resumption of business on Wednesday, when, after some preliminary business, the report of the general secretary (Mr. Harford) was taken up for discussion, the aim of the congress being that those questions which affected the safety of the travelling public should be brought to the front. The first resolution passed, on the recommendation of the standing orders committee, with respect to the progress of the society, was proposed by the Brighton delegate, and seconded by the Liverpool delegate, and expressed great satisfaction at the continued success of the society's membership and funds, with thanks to the officers and members. A resolution, which was carried, expressed pleasure at the care and punctuality exercised by the branches, which had enabled the general secretary to make up his financial statement and report at an earlier date than usual.

### Accidents to Railway Servants.

On the question of accidents to railway servants, the Normanton delegate moved the next resolution, which was as follows:—"That this congress regrets to find that 470 railway servants were killed and 6,232 were injured while in the discharge of their duties during 1887, and that the large proportion of these accidents occurred to goods guards, brakemen, and shunters; further, this congress is of opinion that many of these accidents were preventable, and could have been avoided by the adoption of safety appliances calculated to minimise the risk attending shunting operations, and of the relation with the signal and the shunter's number."—The Blackburn delegate, seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.—On the motion of the Wellington delegate, seconded by the Bacup delegate, the next motion was passed expressing satisfaction at the action of the Board of Trade as to the suggestion made to give the number of accidents to porters and shunters separately in the return of accidents on railways.—A resolution was next carried regretting the large increase of accidents to platelayers in 1887, and urging that one man in each gang should be told off to give early intimations of approaching trains.—Several delegates gave their experiences on the subject, the representative from Clapham Junction saying he had known a whole gang of platelayers to be killed.

### Employers' Liability.

Resolutions were adopted objecting to the doctrine of common employment as recognised in the Employers' Liability Bill; in favour of a clause giving the right of compensation for any injury occasioned through the negligence of a fellow-workman; and urging that the powers given in the Employers' Liability Bill to employers to contract themselves out of its provisions, &c., are to be completely null and void. The delegates were requested to urge their local representatives in Parliament to oppose subsections 4 and 5 of the bill. It was resolved to support Mr. Laren, M.P.'s proposal to insert a clause in the Employers' Liability Bill, providing for the return from any existing insurance or pension fund of the amount of contributions (less the proper share of the expenses of management and any sums he may have received as benefits) to any workman on leaving the service of the employer. The next motion agreed to was that the limit of compensation fixed by the Employers' Liability Bill should be at least double the amount.—Other resolutions, some of a complimentary nature, were passed, and it was resolved:—"That this congress of railway men is of opinion that all men in charge of engines should hold a certificate of competency, so as to insure greater safety for the travelling public, and regrets that the bill relating thereto was defeated by only a small majority."—"That this congress of railway men is of opinion that the present time is inopportune for introducing a measure for the limitation of the hours of labour to eight hours a day; and recommends all workmen to combine with the view of obtaining shorter hours of labour, through the action of their respective trade unions."—Mr. Councillor Threlfall, of Southampton, addressed the delegates upon the necessity of railway servants being directly represented in Parliament.—Councillor Threlfall was given a vote of thanks for his address, and the sitting adjourned.

### The Question of Compensation.

On the resumption of business on Thursday it was resolved that the limit of compensation by the Limited Liability Bill is not sufficient and should be at least double the amount; that the thanks of the congress be given to Mr. Channing, M.P., for his efforts towards securing legislation to provide greater safety in railway work and railway travelling; that the principle of appointing practical workmen as inspectors of factories and mines should be extended to railways in the interests of the men employed, and considering the large number of accidents occurring to them urges upon the Government the necessity of appointing practical railway men as sub-inspectors of

railways; that the thanks of the congress be accorded to Earl de la Warr for the returns of accidents, but is of opinion that the Board of Trade should take steps to secure a more complete return; that the long hours worked by railway men, especially those on whom the safety of trains depend, are detrimental to the men employed and a source of danger to the travelling public; that engineers should hold a certificate of competency; that the relatives of deceased railway servants be admitted to coroners' inquests. A resolution for the rejection of the working agreement drawn up at Leeds conference by the Scotch Society of Railway Servants was passed in an amended form which involved the rejection of the first three clauses. The Edinburgh delegate proposed that the general secretary be requested to convey to the executive of the Scotch society their desire to amalgamate the two associations, but that before a scheme was arranged a general vote of the Scotch members should be taken upon the subject. The resolution was seconded and carried unanimously.

### DARING ROBBERY AND OUT-RAGE AT EAST BARNET.

Considerable excitement was caused in the neighbourhood of East Barnet on Monday, by the rumour that Mrs. Delilah Cook, postmistress in the village, had been robbed of a large sum of money and afterwards brutally assaulted by the thief or thieves. The circumstances of the case, as ascertained by the district police, are as follows. The injured woman is the wife of John Cook, who keeps a grocery store at Cat Hill, East Barnet, the shop being also the village post office, the business of which is managed by the wife. The premises seem to have been a mark for thieves on former occasions, and about two years ago two men, who represented that they had been sent to see to the water-tickets, made an ineffectual attempt to rob the house. On Monday morning Mrs. Cook and her sister were alone in the house at half-past eleven, the latter being downstairs. There was a large sum of money in the house, for Monday was pension-day. At about the time named a strange man entered the postal department and asked for 5s. worth of postage-stamps, with which he was supplied. He tendered a half-sovereign in payment, and Mrs. Cook went to her cash-box in the back parlour to get change. Just then she heard a rustling noise, and, believing that the man was abstracting stamps from the drawer in the counter, she turned to the door to see who he was about, leaving the cash-box open. At that moment a second stranger hastily entered the shop, and, rushing into the back parlour, seized the cash-box, and, lifting it till bodily out, thrust it into a bag which he carried. Mrs. Cook turned pluckily upon the thief, who seized her by the throat and attempted to push her out of his way. The sister downstairs fancied she heard a scuffle and ran to see the cause, and the thief, hearing someone coming upstairs, hurried Mrs. Cook violently across the room. Her head came in contact with a glass door, and she fell senseless to the ground. The sister found her in this position, and, imagining she was dead, went to a fit, began to use means to restore her. Thus it was not till some fifteen minutes later that the real cause of her condition was ascertained, and by that time the thieves had secured a good start. Two local tradesmen who were driving past were informed of the robbery, and at once drove off to East Barnet Police Station, and thence to all the railway stations in the neighbourhood. The police lost no time in acting on the information, and the surrounding country was thoroughly scoured. A clue was said to have been found at Southgate, but up to a late hour on Monday no arrest had been made. Mrs. Cook still suffers severely from injuries and shock to her nervous system. The amount stolen was about £50 in hard cash, £44 of which was Government property.

### SUSPICIOUS DEATH OF A YOUNG WOMAN.

Dr. W. Wynne Westcott, the deputy coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquiry at the St. Pancras Coroner's Court concerning the death of Emma Wakefield, aged 21, a single woman, a shell-box maker, lately residing at 60, Aldenham-street, Somers. The inquest was held at 17, Haverstock-road, Kentish Town, where the deceased was the youngest of nineteen children, all of whom were dead with the exception of two. Her daughter (the deceased) was a fine healthy girl, and generally had good health. In August last witness went to Cambridge on a visit for some weeks, and left her in charge of Mrs. Burrows, a friend, at 60, Aldenham-street. On September 24th the deceased was attacked with illness, and witness was with her every day until her death on the following Saturday. Dr. Kennedy attended her, and pronounced that she was suffering from inflammation of the lungs and pleurisy.—By the Coroner: Her daughter was to be married at Christmas. She was not aware that her daughter was enceinte.—The Coroner here read a letter from Dr. Jones, who had attended the deceased at times, regarding his suspicion of the death.—Dr. R. J. Kennedy, 162, Ossulton-street, deposed that he saw the deceased for the first time on the 24th ult., when she called at his surgery. She had a bad attack of pleurisy, and he treated her for it. On Wednesday she came again, but appeared so bad that he advised her to go home to bed. He saw her once again, but on Saturday when he called she was dead. He had since made a post mortem examination, and found the pleurisy on the left side had been caused by blood poisoning. The thorax, chest portions of the intestines, and stomach were inflamed, showing that some irritant had been taken. There were two internal abrasions which could not have been caused naturally. An instrument had been used. The cause of death was abortion, followed by blood poisoning.—By the Coroner: During the time he attended her she never told him her condition.—Dr. David T. Jones, 164, Hadley-road, Finsbury Park, stated that he saw the deceased the day before her death by order of her employer, Mr. Holman. He was medical attendant at the latter's factory, and had seen Miss Wakefield some four weeks before. He had his suspicions, but was not aware that she was pregnant, and nothing else. He was present at the post mortem and confirmed the evidence as to the cause of death.—Mrs. Burrows, 60, Aldenham-street, after having been cautioned by the coroner, offered to give evidence, and stated that no circumstance had occurred in her house to arouse her suspicion. All the medicine deceased had was the cough mixture given by Dr. Jones.—By a Juror: The deceased left off work at two p.m. on Saturday, the 22nd ult. It was on Sunday evening after a return from a walk that she was attacked with illness.—The jury deliberated in private, and decided to adjourn the inquiry until Tuesday next, Police-inspector Palmer, by order of the coroner, undertaking to make inquiries in the meantime.—The inquiry was accordingly adjourned.

### THE ASTON MURDER.

At Aston George Nicholson, baker, 53, was committed for trial, charged with the wilful murder of his wife, Mary Ann Nicholson, late on a recent Saturday evening. The pair were left together by two younger members of the family, the husband being incensed against the wife for no apparent cause. When the son of the deceased returned shortly afterwards, he found that his mother's brains had been battered out with a hatchet, and the prisoner had disappeared. The prisoner, who has been charged with the murder, had been removed from the body of the deceased, and made off, but was captured in a neighbouring town.

Henry Cartledge was formerly a London detective. He will himself sojourn for six months in jail. While he was engaged at Bellagie, Epsom, Grinstead, £157 arrived at the office to pay wages. He broke into the office, appropriated the sum, and decamped.

### COMMITTAL FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER.

At the Westminster Police Court, George Arnold, 28, well dressed, and described as a clerk, of 76, Redcliffe-street, Chelsea, was charged on remand with attempting to murder William Moore, and further with the felonious possession of counterfeit coin. Mr. Barnard prosecuted for the Mint authorities; and Mr. Rymer defended.—The prisoner and the prosecutor Moore have been on friendly terms for some years, and on the night of the 25th ult. they met at the City of Gloucester public-house, Cheltenham-terrace, Chelsea. Arnold was the worse for drink, and in the course of an altercation he pulled out a revolver, presented it at the prosecutor, and asked him "to smell it." He also used threats about "putting his light out." The prosecutor said very little at the time, but an hour or so afterwards he went to the prisoner's house with a friend to demand an explanation. They had drunk together at a second public-house, and Arnold suggested that Moore should shake hands with his friend and leave him. Prosecutor did so, and walked a little distance with the prisoner, who then pulled out a revolver, loaded in five chambers, and presented it, exclaiming, "Now I will put your light out." Moore, who is a powerful man, and who was cross-examined as to whether he was not a professional boxer, at once closed with the prisoner, and without doubt gave him a pretty sound thrashing. The prisoner had both his eyes blackened, his mouth cut, and his clothing torn; and when the prosecutor was asked by Mr. Rymer about these injuries, he retorted, "What would you do to a man if he poked a loaded revolver in your face?" Prisoner was taken to the Chelsea Police Station, and on being there searched, by direction of Inspector Ross, three counterfeit shillings and one good one were found on him. There was some evidence to show that he was in the company of a woman who passed had money at a chemist's in the Edgware-road, and that he walked away when she was taken into custody. The woman, it was stated, had been committed for trial.—Prisoner said he was drunk and did not recollect presenting the revolver.—Mr. Biron said the threats made use of, coupled with the fact that the weapon was loaded, induced him to take a serious view of the prisoner's conduct. He should commit him for trial for attempted murder, and also on the Mint case.—Bail was refused.

### THE MERTON SHOOTING CASE.

At the Wandsworth Police Court on Wednesday, James Young, a painter, was again charged with shooting Edgar Woolley with a revolver, with intent to murder him at High-street, Merton.—The depositions having been read over, the prisoner was asked if he wished to say anything in defence. He said that on the 1st September he went to Mr. Woolley's shop, and rang the bell, which was answered by the servant. He asked to see Ted Woolley. Previous to this his wife had interviewed Edgar Woolley, but on each occasion he behaved in a most insulting manner, and he (the prisoner) thought it undesirable that she should see him again. For instance, he told her that she could take her daughter home and do the best she could for her, and that she was making a great fuss to get money out of him. He (the prisoner) decided on a rash and foolish resolution, to frighten him. He bought the revolver to frighten the birds of his garden. Sometimes it was loaded with "dummies," and on other occasions with bullets. At the time he took the revolver out he thought it only contained "dummies." After he rang the bell Edgar came to the door, and he said to him, "You know what I have done to your daughter?" He replied, "Yes." He then said, "I suppose you know you have ruined her for life?" to which he answered, "Yes." The whole of this time he stood with his hands in his pockets, and twisted about on his heels in the most unconcerned manner. He told him that he had ascertained he was not married, and asked him why he did not marry his daughter. He answered, "I can't." He repeated the question, and the same answer was given. Is that your final answer? witness asked, and Woolley replied, "Yes, it is." He felt exasperated beyond endurance, took out the revolver, and pulled the trigger twice rapidly. He was under the impression that he had not hit him, and went to work as usual. He had only to add that in all this unhappy affair his only desire had been to save his daughter from the disgrace which her own folly and this man's wickedness had brought upon her, and the magistrate might imagine what it had cost him to see his daughter stand in the witness-box and give evidence against her own father in favour of her seducer.—Edmund Woods, a gunmaker, of Waterloo-road, was called by Mr. Corrie Grant to prove that the prisoner purchased of him a six-chambered revolver in the early part of August. The prisoner he said, told him that he wanted it to frighten the birds off his trees.—Mr. Curtis Ben said it was not to be suggested that the prisoner bought the revolver for the purpose of shooting the man. He committed the accused for trial for unlawfully wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm, accepting Mr. Collier's bail in the sum of £200 for his appearance.

### A "DUMMY" BALDWIN.

A good deal of excitement was caused in the Strand and other portions of the West-end shortly after noon on Wednesday by a cry being raised that Professor Baldwin was passing over London with his parachute. A balloon was seen to the height of about 1,500 feet, and the figure was then observed to detach itself from the balloon and fall with considerable speed towards the earth. Then a parachute which the figure held gradually expanded, and the figure was seen floating gracefully downwards in a manner precisely similar to that of the now popular aeronaut. There was great excitement in the neighbourhood, thousands of persons running in the direction where it was supposed the intrepid performer would drop. The current of air did not carry the descending figure far, for it dropped upon the roof of the Adelphi Theatre. It then turned round, and the whole thing was a smart advertisement, emanating from Terry's Theatre, three doors off the People's office, in the Strand, in commemoration of the 200th performance of "Sweet Lavender." The matter had been kept a profound secret, and the experiment was certainly a great success, a large number of people who witnessed the descent from a distance, going away with the firm conviction that they had actually seen Professor Baldwin. To make the illusion the more perfect, the dummy figure was made up after Baldwin's style, in black trousers and vest, but without coat or hat. The figure and parachute were attached from the balloon by means of a fuse, which burned for a few seconds after the balloon started on its voyage. The ingenious idea was that of Mr. H. T. Brickwell, the manager of the theatre, and the ascent, which took place from the theatre roof, was witnessed by Mr. Edward Terry and Mr. Pinero. After the dummy figure and left the balloon the latter sailed away in a westerly direction, and has not since been heard of.

### ACCIDENT TO PROFESSOR BALDWIN.

Professor Baldwin met with a slight accident at the Alexandra Palace on Thursday. A sudden gust of wind caught his balloon at the moment of ascending, and was rapidly driving it into a tree, but Mr. Baldwin had the presence of mind to jump out, and reached the ground safely with but slight injury to one of his wrists.

An inquest was held at Bootle on Thursday evening on a labourer named Macardie. The deceased was engaged with others on a vessel carrying grain in bulk, which was being discharged by means of an elevator. The action of the elevator was described as making the grain like a quicksand, on which it was necessary for the men to keep moving. Deceased apparently stood still for a time, and was drawn down by the slipping of the grain, his body not being recovered for three hours.

### HIGHWAY ROBBERIES IN CLAPHAM.

The police in the Clapham division have had their attention recently called to numerous cases of robbery with violence. Though the officers are very reticent, it seems, from information obtained from other sources, that as a lady was proceeding along the Cedars, a thoroughfare leading from Clapham Common to Lavender Hill, a man suddenly attacked her. It was about half-past six in the evening, and at the time of the attack there were only a few persons in the locality. The lady's screams attracted the attention of a constable on duty on Lavender Hill, and he at once hurried to the spot. However, the man had succeeded in abstracting the lady's purse from her pocket, and, hurrying off up the street, evaded pursuit by entering the grounds attached to an empty house. Only on the following morning, at about seven o'clock a gentleman, who resides in Altenburg Gardens, a street near Clapham Junction, was attacked by a powerful man in an exactly similar manner. The man seized his hands, and before he had time—owing to the suddenness of the attack—to defend himself or call for assistance, he was knocked down and robbed. This, too, happened at the time when the streets were almost deserted, and the man succeeded in making his escape actually passing a constable in his flight in the direction of the common. In some parts of the locality, it is said, the inhabitants are afraid to venture outside their doors during the evening owing to a succession of similar robberies.

### THE SHEFFIELD MYSTERY.

At Sheffield the adjourned inquest has been held on Robert Snowden, a potato dealer, in the Sheffield wholesale market, and his wife, Mary Snowden, whose mysterious death a week ago caused great sensation in the town. The deceased's son, on going home from business, found his father dead in bed, and a medical man, who was summoned, attributed death to apoplexy. An hour afterwards Mrs. Snowden, who had been away from home owing to domestic differences, was found hanging in the cellar. It was then supposed that Mrs. Snowden on going home found her husband dead, and was so shocked that she committed suicide. An incoherent and illegible note was, however, found in Mr. Snowden's handwriting, wherein he referred to differences with his wife, and said she tried to poison him. The deputy-coroner ordered a post mortem examination of both bodies, with the result that no trace of poison was found, and the medical evidence showed that the man died of heart disease, and the woman from suicide by hanging. The jury returned a verdict accordingly.

### CHARGE OF FORGERY.

At the Mansion House Police Court on Thursday, Richard Elford was charged, on remand, with forging and uttering two cheques on the Gloucester Bank for £255 and £230. Mr. Mullens, solicitor, prosecuted; Mr. Barran defended.—The evidence already given was to the effect that the defendant had asked a stockbroker's clerk to change a number of £10 notes on the Gloucester Bank for him. The clerk did so, and showed the money to the defendant. A cashier in the Cirencester Branch of the Gloucester Bank, deposed that Mr. T. L. Croome kept an account at that bank. The cheque for £255 was presented on September 20th. The person who presented it was not the prisoner. Witness paid it by twenty-eight £10 notes on the Gloucester Bank and the rest in gold. The cheque for £230 was presented on the 22nd of September by the prisoner. The witness paid it in thirty-two £10 notes on the Gloucester Bank, and the rest in coin. The prisoner then left, and witness had not seen him since that morning, when he identified him from among a number of others.—Cross-examined: He could not identify the notes changed by the prisoner, as the notes given in payment for the cheques, as he did not take the numbers. Another clerk in the Gloucester Bank stated that he was at the bank on September 22nd, and saw the person who presented the cheque for £230. The prisoner was the man who presented it. Witness identified the prisoner from among several others, and he had no doubt about him. Cross-examined: Witness believed prisoner was the only person in the bank at the time.—Mr. T. L. Croome, solicitor, 71, Edgware-road, deposed that he also resided at Cirencester. He kept an account at the Cirencester Branch of the County of Gloucester Bank. He kept his cheque-book in the drawer of his room in the Edgware-road. He had mislaid two blank cheques from his cheque-book. The two cheques produced had come out of his cheque-book, and they were not filled up or signed by him nor by his authority. He did not know the prisoner, who had no opportunity of access to his house.—Detective-sergeant Lawley deposed that he arrested the defendant on September 26th, for being in the possession of the £10 notes on the Gloucester Bank. The prisoner said he got the notes from a betting man named Lloyd, who said he had won them on a race, and had received them from a bookmaker.—The prisoner said he had been "nicely mugged" into this.—He was again remanded.

### THE STABBING AFFRAY IN WEST SMITHFIELD.

At St. Bartholomew's Hospital on Wednesday an inquest was held by Mr. Langham, City coroner, on the body of Alagar Charles Prebble, aged 40, a butcher, who lived at 13, New Charlis-street, and who was alleged to have been killed by his brother, who was confined in West Smithfield.—Inspector Burnham handed in a statement made by the deceased just before his death. He said, "I had a quarrel with my brother Joe, but money matters. I had a blow from my brother Joe. He struck me with his fist in Grove's coffee-house. I went out and found I had been stabbed. I cannot give the slightest idea who struck the blow. The knife produced is mine. I don't know whether it was taken from me. I did not know that I had been struck with a knife until I got into Cowcross-street. I really don't know who is to blame."—Mrs. Prebble, the widow, deposed that her husband, the 26th of September, the deceased was brought home in a cab. He said he was dying, and alleged that his brother had kicked him in the abdomen. A doctor was sent for, and the deceased was taken to the hospital.—John Over, a butcher, deposed that at ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th of September he was in Grove's coffee-house, St. John-street, West Smithfield, and saw the deceased quarrelling with his brother Joseph. Deceased struck the latter several times, and there was a scuffle. Witness saw deceased with a knife in his hand. It was a clasp-knife, and he endeavoured to open it, when witness intervened and took it from him. Evidence showed that the deceased went into the Great Northern public-house, West Smithfield, when he complained to the landlord of a pain in the abdomen. He was sent home in a cab.—Joseph Prebble, the brother, volunteered to give evidence. Deceased asked for money, and when witness refused to give him any he struck him. Witness returned the blow with his open hand. They were then separated by the men in the coffee-house. The witness saw no knife. Subsequently the police came to the coffee-house where witness was employed, and accused him of having stabbed his brother. He afterwards saw the deceased to the hospital. When he said, "No, Joe, it was not you."—Mr. Crouch, house surgeon, said there was a wound in the abdomen, and the intestines were cut through. He died on the 29th ult., and on a post mortem examination being made two stabs were found on the intestines. The immediate cause of death was peritonitis, set up by the injuries.—The jury returned an open verdict, and added that, having heard the statement of Joseph Prebble, they desired to exonerate him from all blame.

An International Congress is to be held next year in Switzerland, for the purpose of deliberating on the means of preventing the sale and circulation of indecent publications of all kinds.

## LONDON HORRORS.

## TWO MORE DREADFUL MURDERS AT THE EAST-END.

## Fleishly Mutilation.

When the usual edition of the *People* went to press on Sunday morning last, those engaged on it little thought that within a few hours they would be called upon to chronicle two more ghastly atrocities at the East-end, which had then been committed, but the news of which had not at that hour reached the Strand. But such, unhappily, was the case, and the editions published later in the morning and in the afternoon contained all the particulars that were then known of the dreadful tragedies which had occurred soon after midnight, full details of which are now given below.

## The First Discovery.

What appears to have been the first ghastly crime of the day took place in Berners-street, a narrow, badly-lighted, but fairly respectable thoroughfare turning out of the Commercial-road, a short distance down on the right hand side going from Whitechapel. It consists mainly of small houses, and in it is one of the fine new buildings of the London School Board. Just opposite this is what is called an "International and Educational Club," held in a private house, standing at the corner of a gateway leading into a yard in which are small manufacturing premises and four small houses occupied by Jewish families. The yard gates are usually closed at night, and others residing in the houses. As the Jewish holiday season had just ended, and the people in this part of London are largely composed of foreign Jews, some departing on regular habits was more or less general. The International and Educational Club was on Saturday evening, the 29th September, winding up the holidays by a lecture on "Judaism and Socialism." A discussion followed, which carried on proceedings to about half-past twelve, and then followed a singing and a general jollification, accompanied, as the neighbours say, by a noise that would be heard by those around. All this mirth was brought to a sudden and dreadful stop by the steward of the club, who lives in one of the houses in the yard. He had been out, and on returning home just before one, and turning into the gateway he observed some object lying in his way under the wall of the club, and without getting down first prodded it with his whip. Unable to see clearly what it was he struck a match and found it was a woman. He thought at first she was drunk, and went into the club. Some of the members went out with him and struck another light, and then they were horrified to find the woman's head nearly severed from her body and blood streaming down the gutter. The police were summoned, and amid intense excitement, the poor creature was taken away.

## Appearance of the Body.

Although this murder may be regarded as of an almost ordinary character, the unfortunate woman only having her throat cut—little doubt is felt, from the position of the corpse, that the assassin had intended to mutilate it. He seems, however, to have been interrupted by the arrival of a cart, which drew up close to the spot, and it is believed to be possible that he may have escaped behind this vehicle. The body was removed to No. 40, Berners-street, which is very near to the now notorious Hanbury-street. The victim was subsequently identified as a prostitute, named Elizabeth Stride, aged about 35. At the time when the murder was committed the lights in all of the dwelling-houses in the court had been extinguished, while such illumination as came from the club, being from the upper story, would fall on the cottages opposite, and would only serve to intensify the gloom of the rest of the court. From the position in which the body was found, it is believed that the moment the murderer got his victim in the dark shadow near the entrance to the court he threw her to the ground, and with one gash severed her throat from ear to ear. When discovered the body was lying as if the woman had fallen forward, her feet being about a couple of yards from the street and her head in a gutter which runs down the right-hand end of the court close to the wall. The woman lay on her left side, face towards the street, her position being such that although the person that part is only 9 feet wide, a person walking up the middle might have passed the recumbent body without notice. The condition of the corpse, however, and several circumstances which have since come to light prove pretty conclusively that no considerable period elapsed between the commission of the murder and discovery of the body. All the features of the case go to connect the tragedy with that which took place three-quarters of an hour later a few streets distant.

## "Long Liz" What was Known of Her.

Thomas Bates states that the woman found murdered in Berners-street was known as "Long Liz," and she had lived with them for five or six years, but her real name he never knew. She was supposed to be a Swede by birth, and some years ago lost her husband, who was shipwrecked and drowned. He had always known her as a clean and hardworking woman. Her usual occupation was that of a charwoman, and it was only when driven to extremities that she walked the streets. Among her companions and the occupants of the house she was extremely popular, despite her quiet, and at times reserved demeanour. She would at times disappear for a month or so, and as much as three months, but she always turned up again, and they were ever glad to see her and welcome her back. She returned to the house on the 25th ult., after a somewhat protracted absence, and remained there until the following Saturday night. That evening she went out about seven o'clock, when she appeared to be in the most cheery spirits and in excellent health. The fact of her not returning that night was not taken any particular notice of, for it was by no means an unusual circumstance. Their apprehensions, however, were aroused when rumours of the murders reached them, and their fears were confirmed when afterwards they knew that "Long Liz" well in life called and informed them that he had identified her body at the mortuary. Mrs. Ann Mill, the bed-maker at the lodgings, stated that she had known the deceased for some years as "Long Liz," though until now she was never acquainted with her real name. Mrs. Stride came to the house, after a long absence, on the 25th ult., and she last saw her on the following Saturday evening, when she went out about seven. On that particular day the white-washers were in the house, and in the course of the morning she had assisted her (Mrs. Mill) by cleaning two of the rooms, which she was working on. The deceased at the time told her she wished she had known it before as she would have given further help. Mrs. Mill further mentioned that "Long Liz" had told her more than once that she was over 50 years of age.

## THE SECOND MURDER.

The body of the second woman murdered was discovered shortly before two o'clock in the morning, in Mitre-square, Aldgate, within the City boundaries, but on the confines of the now notorious district. While Police-constable Watkins, of the City Police, was going round his beat, he turned his lantern upon the darkest quarter of Mitre-square, and saw the body of a woman, apparently lifeless, in a pool of blood. He at once blew his whistle, and on several persons coming to the spot, he despatched messengers for medical aid, and Police-Inspector Colliard quickly arrived, followed a few moments after by Mr. G. W. Sequeira, surgeon, of 34, Jewry-street, and Dr. Gordon Brown, the divisional police doctor, of Finsbury Circus.

The scene then disclosed was a most horrible one. The woman, who was apparently about 40 years of age, was lying on her back, quite dead, although the body was still warm. Her head was inclined to the left. Her left leg was extended, her right being bent, and both her arms were extended. The throat was terribly cut; there was a large gash across the face from the nose to the right angle of the cheek, and part of the right ear had been cut off. There were also other indecent mutilations. It is stated that some anatomical skill seems to have been displayed in the way in which the lower part of the body was mutilated, but the ghastly work appears to have been done more rapidly and roughly than in the cases of the women, Nicholls and Chapman. The body was removed as soon as possible to the mortuary in Golden-lane.

## Description of the Victim.

The woman is described as being about 40 years of age and 5ft. in height. She has hazel eyes—the right one having been apparently smashed in, and the left one being also injured—and dark auburn hair. She wore a black cloth jacket, with imitation fur collar and three large metal buttons. Her dress is of dark green print, the pattern consisting of Michaelmas daisies and golden lilies. She also wore a thin white vest, a drab lining skirt, and a very old green alpaca petticoat, white chemise, and brown ribbed stockings, mended at the feet with white material. Her bonnet was black straw, trimmed with black beads and green and black velvet. She wore a pair of men's laced boots; and a piece of old white coarse apron and a piece of ribbon were tied loosely round the neck. There were also found upon her a piece of string, a match-box with kerchief in it, a white linen pocket containing a white bone-handle table knife, very blunt (with no blood on it), two short clay pipes, a red cigarette case with white metal fittings, a printed handbill with the name "Frank Cater, 405, Bethnal Green-road," upon it, a check pocket containing five pieces of soap, a small tin containing tea and sugar, a portion of a pair of spectacles, a three-cornered check handkerchief, and a large white linen pocket containing a small comb, a red mitten, and a ball of worsted.

## Suspicious and Suggestions.

The officer who found the body is positive that it could not have been there more than a quarter of an hour before he discovered it. He is timed to "work his beat," as it is called, in from ten to fifteen minutes. The police theory is that the man and woman, who had met in Aldgate, watched the policeman pass round the square, and then entered it for an immoral purpose, and the throat of the woman having been cut, the murderer hurriedly proceeded to mutilate the body. As the wounds do not appear to have been caused so skillfully and deliberately as in the case of the murder of Annie Chapman in Hanbury-street, some of the doctors think that five minutes would have sufficed for the completion of the murderer's work, and he was thus enabled to leave the ground before the return of the policeman on duty. The murderer probably avoided much blood-staining on account of the woman being on the ground at the time of the outrage; and, leaving the square by either of the courts, he would be able to pass quickly away through many of the narrow thoroughfares without exciting observation. But one of the most extraordinary incidents in connection with the crime is that not the slightest scream or noise was heard. A watchman is employed at one of the warehouses in the square, and in a direct line, but a few yards away, on the other side of the square, a City policeman was sleeping. Many people would be about in the immediate neighbourhood even at this early hour, making preparations for the market which takes place every Sunday in Middlesex-street (formerly Petticoat-lane) and the adjacent thoroughfares. Taking everything into account, therefore, the murder must be pronounced one of extraordinary daring and brutality.

## Tracing the Murderer.

The police authorities who have the inquiries with respect to the murders in hand have received a statement with regard to the murder in Berners-street that a man, aged between 35 and 40 years, and of fair complexion, was seen to throw the murdered woman to the ground, but that it being thought by the person who witnessed this that it was a man and his wife quarrelling, no notice was taken of it. The police have also received information that about half past ten on Saturday night a man aged about 35 years entered a public-house in Batty-street, Whitechapel, and while the customers in the house were in conversation about the Whitechapel murders, he stated that he knew the Whitechapel murderer, and that they would hear about him in the morning, after which he left. It being thought that this was idle talk, no notice was in this case taken of the matter; but after the murders had been discovered information was given to the police. At various police stations throughout the metropolis information was given by persons who allege that they have seen a person answering the published descriptions of the man said to have been seen with the murdered woman, and who is supposed to be the Whitechapel murderer, and of these the most important comes from Bow-road, for in that case a man having the appearance of being an American is reported to have been seen on Monday morning at five o'clock in Bow-road loitering about in a suspicious manner, but when he found his movements were being watched, he decamped. Every night special search has been made at numerous lodging-houses and other places with the view, if possible, of tracing out the murderer, but no good results have been obtained, and several persons who were arrested on suspicion were afterwards discharged.

## An Extraordinary Post-card.

A post-card, bearing the stamp "London, E., October 1st," was received on Monday morning, addressed to the Central News Office, the address and subject matter being written in red and undoubtedly by the same person from whom a sensational letter was received the evening before. Like the mysterious letter, this also has reference to the horrible tragedies in East London, forming, indeed, a sequel to the first letter. It runs as follows:—"I was not coddling dear old Boss, when I gave you the tip. You'll hear about Sancy Jacky's work to-morrow. Double event this time. Number one squealed a bit; couldn't finish straight off. Had not time to get ears for police. Thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.—JACK THE RIPPER." The Central News adds that the card is smeared on both sides with blood, which has evidently been impressed thereon by the thumb or finger of the writer. Some words are nearly obliterated by a bloody smear. It is not necessarily assumed that this has been the work of the murderer, the idea that naturally occurs being that the whole thing is a practical joke. At the same time the writing of the previous letter immediately before the commission of the murders of Sunday last was so singular a coincidence that it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the cool calculating villain who is responsible for the crimes has chosen to make the postcard medium through which to convey to the press his grimly diabolical humour.—The following is the letter referred to above:—"September 25th, 1888.—Dear Boss,—I keep on hearing the police have caught me, but they won't fit me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever, and talk about being on the right track. Great joke about Leather Apron. Gave me real fits. I am down on —, and I shan't quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now? I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger-beer bottle over the last job to write with, but it went thick, like glue, and I can't use it. It is fit for nothing. I hope, Ha, ha! The next job I do I shall call it a lady's work, and send to the police officers, just for jolly. I wouldn't keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice

and sharp. I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good luck.—Yours truly, JACK THE RIPPER. Don't mind giving me the trade name. Wren's good enough to post this before I got all the red ink of my hands; curse it. No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. Ha, ha!"

## A Claim for Compensation.

On Tuesday, at the Marylebone Police Court, a man, evidently of the artisan class, applied to Mr. De Rutzen for process against a gentleman living at Tottenham, for injury being arrested on suspicion of being the perpetrator of the Whitechapel murder. He had been helping in the repair of the organ at St. Saviour's Church, Warwick-road, Paddington, and was on his way home when the person against whom he was applying said he was "Leather Apron," and gave him into custody on suspicion of being the Whitechapel murderer. He was taken to the Carlton-terrace police station, where he was detained for three and a half hours.—Mr. De Rutzen told the applicant that he could not grant him process in that court, if he had suffered any wrong by being locked up on suspicion of being the author of the murders in Whitechapel, and thought he could recover redress, he must bring an action in the County Court.

## Clues and Discoveries.

Numerous calls were made on Tuesday at the mortuary in Golden-lane, where the unidentified body of the woman who was found in such a mutilated condition in Mitre-square still lies. It was all to no purpose, however, and the matter remains as great a mystery as ever. The police are becoming more and more convinced that the murderer must have had a very narrow escape when he succeeded in getting away from the yard in Berners-street after cutting the throat of "Long Liz." The theory now advanced is that he was actually in the yard engaged in the horrible work when the steward of the International Club, Mr. Diemschitz, drove in his trap and disturbed him, and that during the confusion that followed he succeeded in mingling with the members of the club as they rushed out in a body into the enclosure, and finally escaped unobserved before the police arrived on the scene. How far this is true it is, of course, impossible to say, but the theory is at least a feasible one.

## A Reward Offered.

Bills offering £500 reward on behalf of the City authorities are widely circulated. The City police are in receipt of innumerable suggestions, not only from London, but from all parts of the country. Many of these, of course, of no practical value, but some of the information which has thus come into their hands has led them to prosecute inquiries which would otherwise not have been made, and which may lead to important results.

## Panic-stricken Whitechapel.

Down to as late as ten o'clock on Monday night large crowds of people continued to assemble around the spots where the murders of Sunday were perpetrated, and so great was the crush at Mitre-square that it was found requisite to keep a considerable number of extra constables on duty. Towards midnight the streets in the district within the limits of which six murders have now been successively perpetrated without detection, began to assume a most deserted appearance. The one exception, perhaps, was the main thoroughfare, which were thronged with people as usual until the hour for the closing of the public-houses. The night air was keen and cutting, but this alone did not account for the remarkable absence of anything in the shape of pedestrian traffic, which heretofore has invariably continued until an advanced hour in the morning. The appearance of the whole district conveyed the only too palpable fact that at the present moment the East-end and Whitechapel in particular is panic-stricken.

## The Stillness of the Night.

By one o'clock the streets were absolutely deserted of the unfortunate women who are accustomed to roam about throughout the night, while revellers of the sterner sex were almost equally scarce. Wherever one went he had to listen to the same perpetual growl of the coffee-stall-keepers that their trade had gone; and, when asked how they accounted for the fact, the inevitable reply was, "The murders." The answer was as significant as it was brief. In the small hours of the morning as the reporters plodded through street after street, and still street after street, without coming across a living soul of any kind beyond the solitary policeman on his monotonous round, it was in all truth a weary round, this perambulation of Whitechapel, its main thoroughfares, its back slums, and its environs, and the heavy showers which fell at intermittent periods, did not tend to enhance the pleasures of the night.

## Facilities for Crime.

There is, however, one fact that cannot fail to strike very forcibly even the most casual observer who cares to make an early morning survey of Whitechapel, with its multitudinous streets, alleys, and dark tortuous passages—that is, the convenient nooks and crannies, well in the shade, which almost at every turn seem to suggest themselves as the most fitting places for the perpetration of crimes such as those which within the last day or two have horrified the metropolis. There is no mistaking the fact that if the East-end is to be protected in the future against such outrages, the police force stationed there for that purpose ought at least to be doubled in strength. In the course of a night's wanderings in these slums and backways, our representative conversed with not a few of the men whom he found on duty. Almost to a man, when questioned on the subject, they pointed out the impossibility of adequately performing all that was asked of them in the way of protecting the public from outrages such as those that are now disgracing the East-end. Again and again attention was called to open staircases in houses, to dark secluded corners in every direction, and to this, that, and the other in the way of affording scope for crime, until one's eyes became almost dazzled from perpetually peering into Cimmerian darkness. It was a positive relief to at length again emerge into broad, well-lighted thoroughfares.

## A Sailor's Adventure.

An incident which occurred at one of the local police stations at an early hour on Tuesday morning will very well illustrate the sense of insecurity that now prevails in the East-end. A respectable dressed young fellow, whose manners, irrespective of his own admission proclaimed him a seaman, was brought in by a constable charged with having been found loitering with a loaded weapon in his possession. According to the statement made by the zealous custodian of the peace to his superior officer, the prisoner had passed and repassed a young couple who were standing talking together, and his movements exciting suspicion, he was challenged by the policeman as to what he had about him. The seaman smartly stood looking at him about 21. He coolly replied, "Nothing," whereupon the constable, still incredulous, passed his hands down his back until he came to the hind pocket of the trousers. This led to the discovery of the fact that he had upon him a five-chambered revolver loaded. He was accordingly marched off to the Leman-street Station. Here he was confronted by the couple who had been the immediate cause of this denouement, and it must be confessed that they had but little to say against him. The inspector, however, thought it fit and proper to inquire why he carried such a dangerous weapon about with him. The reply came from the seaman that he had been good-looking at the Whitechapel murder. The confession, however, did not save him, for he was detained in custody. This circumstance points the moral that at the present time it is a safe thing to be found in the East-end in the possession of weapons of any kind.

## Supposed Important Clue.

What is considered by some to be the most important clue yet discovered with regard to the perpetrator of the murders came to light, through

information given by Mr. Thomas Ryan, who has charge of the Cabman's Reading-room at 43, Pickering-place, Westbourne-grove. Mr. Ryan is a teetotaler, and is the secretary of the Cabmen's Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. He says that on Sunday afternoon, the 30th September, while he was in his shelter, the street attendant brought a gentlemanly-looking man to him and said, "This 'ere gentleman wants a chop, guv'nor; can you cook one for him?" He says he's most perished with cold. The gentleman in question, Ryan says, was about 35 years of age, and was an Oxford and Cambridge man, and a light check alter, with a tight buttoned up his throat, which he did not loosen all the time he was in the shelter. He had a thick moustache, but no beard; was roundheaded, his eyes very restless, and clean white hands. Ryan said, "Come in: I'll cook one for you with pleasure." This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Several cabmen were in the shelter at the time, and they were talking of the new murders discovered at Whitechapel. Ryan exclaimed, "I'd gladly do seven days and nights if I could only find the fellow who did them." This was said directly at the stranger, who, looking into Ryan's face, quietly said, "Do you know who committed the murders?" and then calmly went on to say, "I did them. I've had a lot of trouble about it. I lost my watch and got into £10." Ryan was greatly taken aback at the man's statement, and fancied he was just recovering from a drinking bout; so he replied, "If that's correct you must consider yourself engaged." But he then went on to speak to him about temperance work and the evils wrought by drink. Meanwhile the chop was cooking, the vegetables were already waiting, and the stranger began eating. During the meal the conversation was kept up with Ryan and others in the shelter, all of whom thought the man was recovering from a heavy drinking bout, and that his remarks as to his being the murderer were all nonsense. Ryan reasoned with him as to the folly of drinking, and at last he expressed his willingness to sign the pledge. A book containing pledges being shown him. This the stranger examined, and at length filled up one page, writing on the counterfoil as well as on the body of the pledge. In the hand of a gentleman he wrote the following words:—"J. Duncan, doctor, residence, Cabman's Shelter, 30th September, 1888." Ryan called his attention to the fact that he had not filled in his proper residence, and the man replied, "I have no fixed place of abode at present. I am living anywhere." While Duncan was eating his chop he again asked for something to drink, and water was brought him, but then he said he would have ginger beer, and when that was brought him he filled up the glass with the liquid from a bottle he had in his pocket. "This he drank," said Ryan, "differently to any people usually drink; he literally gulped it down." In answer to further conversation about teetotalism, Duncan accepted an invitation to go with Ryan to church at 11 o'clock, and said he would return to the shelter in an hour, but he never came back. Duncan carried a stick, and looked a shrewd fellow, just such a one as was capable of putting forth considerable energy when necessary.

## A Suspicious Discovery.

A singular discovery, which it is hoped may form another clue to the murderer, is being investigated by the police at Kentish Town. At about nine o'clock on Tuesday morning the proprietor of the Nelson Tavern, Victoria-road, Kentish Town, entered a place of convenience adjoining his premises for the purpose of pointing out to a builder some alterations he desired executed, when a paper parcel was noticed behind the door. No particular importance was attached to the discovery until an hour later, when Mr. Chinn, the publican, while reading the newspaper, was struck with the similarity of this bundle to the one of which the police have issued a description as being seen in the possession of the man last seen in company with the woman Stride. The police at the Kentish Town-road Police Station were told of the discovery, and a detective officer was at once sent to make inquiries. It was then found that the parcel, which had been kicked into the roadway, contained a pair of dark trousers. The description of the man wanted on suspicion of having committed the murders gave the colour of the trousers he wore as dark. The paper which contained the trousers was stained with blood.

## Was it the Man from Texas?

The New York correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphing on Tuesday night, states that not a great many months ago a series of remarkably brutal murders of women occurred in Texas. The matter caused great local excitement, but aroused less interest than would otherwise have been the case because the victims were chiefly negro women. The crimes were characterised by the same brutal methods as those of the Whitechapel murders. The theory has been suggested that the perpetrator of the latter may be the Texas criminal, who was never discovered. The Atlanta Constitution, a leading Southern newspaper, thus puts the argument:—"In our recent annals of crime there has been no other man capable of committing such deeds. The mysterious crimes in Texas have passed. They have just commenced in London. Is the man from Texas at the bottom of them all? If he is the monster or lunatic he may be expected to appear anywhere. The fact that he is no longer at work in Texas argues his presence somewhere else. His peculiar line of work was executed in precisely the same manner as is now going on in London. Why should he not be there? The more one thinks of it the more irresistible becomes the conviction that it is the man from Texas. In these days of steam and cheap travel distance is nothing. The man who would kill a dozen women in Texas would not mind the inconvenience of a trip across the water, and once there he would have any samples about killing more women." The superintendent of the New York police admits the possibility of this theory being correct, but he does not think it probable. "There is," he says, "the same brutality and mutilation, the same suspicion that the criminal is a monster or lunatic who has declared war literally to the knife against all womankind, but I hardly believe it is the same individual."

## Another Similar Crime.

In Vienna attention is being called to a crime of an exactly similar kind which preoccupied the public mind in Austria for nearly three years. A Galician Jew named Ritter, was accused in 1884 of having murdered and mutilated a Christian woman in a village near Cracow. The mutilation was like that perpetrated on the body of the woman Chapman, and at the trial numbers of witnesses deposed that among certain fanatical Jews there existed a superstition to the effect that if a Jew became intimate with a Christian woman he would atone for his offence by slaying and mutilating the object of his passion. Sundry passages of the Talmud were quoted which, according to the witnesses, expressly sanctioned this form of atonement. The trial caused an immense sensation, and Ritter, being found guilty, was sentenced to death. The Judges of the Court of Appeal, however, feeling that the man was the victim of popular error and anti-Semitic prejudice, ordered a new trial upon some technicality. Again a jury pronounced against Ritter, and once more the Court of Appeal found a flaw in the proceedings. A third trial took place, and for the third time Ritter was condemned to be hanged, but upon this the Court of Appeal quashed the sentence together, and Ritter was released after having been in prison for thirty-seven months. There is no doubt that the man was innocent.

## The Rewards.

Some misapprehension having arisen as to whether two rewards of £500 had been issued, one by the Lord Mayor and a separate one on behalf of the City Police, it may be as well to state that only one sum of £500 emanates from the Corporation in its official capacity, and that this reward is offered by the Lord Mayor through Sir J. Fraser, the Commissioner of City Police. Out-

side the City steps in a similar direction have been taken by public bodies and private individuals. A sum of £300 was forwarded to the Home Office on behalf of several readers of the *Financial News*, with a request that it might be offered in the name of the Government. To this request a reply was received which stated:—"I am directed by Mr. Matthews to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, containing a cheque for £300, which you say has been contributed on behalf of several readers of the *Financial News*, and which you are desirous should be offered as a reward for the discovery of the recent murders in the East-end of London. If Mr. Matthews had been of opinion that the offer of a reward in these cases would have been attended by any useful result he would himself have at once made such an offer, but he is not of that opinion. Under these circumstances I am directed to return you the cheque (which I enclose), and to thank you for the liberality of the offer, which Mr. Matthews much regrets that he is unable to accept." The above, with other sums—including the £100 offered by Mr. Samuel Montague, M.P., and the £200 collected by the Vigilance Committee—make an aggregate sum of £1,500, sufficient to excite the cupidty even of the most disinterested. It is, however, more than probable that the reward will be increased to £2,000, as the Lord Mayor has been urged to open a subscription list, and the members of the Stock Exchange seem disposed to take the matter up. Colonel Sir Alfred Kirby, the officer commanding the Tower Hamlets Battalion Royal Engineers, has offered on behalf of his officers an additional reward of £100. Sir Alfred Kirby is also willing to place the services of not more than fifty members of his corps at the disposal of the authorities, to be utilised in assisting them in any way they may consider desirable at this juncture, either for the protection of the public or finding out the criminal. Of course the volunteers will have to be made use of as citizens, and not in a quasi-military capacity.

## The Bloodhound Proposal.

Professor J. Wortley Axe, principal of the Royal Veterinary College, London, has favoured a reporter with his views upon the employment of bloodhounds in the detection of murderers. Professor Axe stated that no doubt a leash of bloodhounds might be a useful police auxiliary, but its successful employment would depend upon the efficient training of the dogs, and the promptitude with which they were put upon the track. All dogs had a natural instinct for blood odours, but this instinct required development by training; and in the case of the bloodhound it was necessary to make it an expert at the business. The dog must in the first place, be familiarised with the odour of blood. The incriminating element of the murder, so far as the dog was concerned, would, of course, be the blood carried in the clothes or upon the boots of the murderer. It was, in fact, a condition precedent of the hunt that some of the blood of the victim should be upon the person of the fugitive. In the country, where the ground and atmosphere might remain undisturbed for a longer period, this system of pursuit would work fairly well; but, said Professor Axe, when you come to deal with the streets of large towns, the ground surface of which must necessarily be impregnated with a number of odours, I apprehend that this fact would materially operate against your success in tracking the murderer with bloodhounds. The pavements of our own city, for instance, may possibly be stained with the blood of carcases such as sheep in transit, as well as impregnated with human blood, the result of natural deposit. This would tend to confuse the scent which you desired to follow up, unless they were very fresh and strong. Again, the air in large towns is always shifting, or may have been shifted by the ordinary traffic of the street; so that the odour left by the fugitive would not be suffered to abide long without obliteration. Hence, it comes to this, that if you resort to bloodhounds for the tracking of bloodstained fugitives, your dogs must be perfectly trained, must be experts at the business, and the condition of the ground must be favourable to the retention of the odour forming the clue. In large towns the last condition presents a serious difficulty.

## THE BERNERS-STREET MURDER—INQUEST.

At the Vestry Hall, in Cable-street, St. George's-in-the-East, on Monday, Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, coroner for South-East Middlesex, opened an inquiry into the cause of death of the woman who was found early on Sunday morning brutally murdered just within the entrance to a badly-lighted courtyard opening off Berners-street, under circumstances reported above. The body was identified as that of Elizabeth Stride, known among her companions as "Long Liz." The most extraordinary excitement was evident in the locality. The poorest of the inhabitants, who could not afford a newspaper, were assembled in small crowds in front of the newsagents' shops, feasting upon what little information could be gleaned from newspaper placards. The scenes of the atrocities were visited by a constant stream of residents, whose nervous bearing testified to the almost unprecedented feeling of alarm, which has now received a fresh impetus. Strangely enough, hardly a person was outside the vestry hall when the coroner's jury left to view the body, but around the deadhouse in St. George's-in-the-East churchyard a large crowd, chiefly of women, was congregated. On viewing the body it was evident that the injuries to the thorax were of a most inflicted nature, and the manner, revealing as they do, the windpipe and the smaller tubes running through the neck. The gash, which must have been inflicted by a sharp instrument, owing to the absence of all jaggedness, extends completely across the front of the neck, and suggests the idea that a square piece has been cut clean off, leaving bare all the severed arteries.

## The Evidence.

William West, of 2, William-street, Commercial-road, a printer, said:—"At Berners-street there is the International Working Men's Club. On the ground floor, facing the street, there is a window and a door which leads into a passage leading to a yard. The passage has folding gates shutting it off from the street, and containing a smaller door. Sometimes the gates remain open all night, but as a rule they are closed, and the small door in one of the gates is also locked. This duty devolves upon no particular person so far as I know. In the yard is one house arranged in small tenements, having three doors opening into the yard, out of which there are no other means of exit except through the gate mentioned. Opposite the gate is the workshop of Messrs. Hindley, sack manufacturers, and I do not think there is any way out there. They occupy the second floor, the ground floor being unrented. Next to Hindley's in the yard there is a stable. I think it is unoccupied, and adjoining this is the club. Our premises run back a long way into the street. The front room on the ground floor is occupied as a dining room, at the back of which is a kitchen, the window and doorways opening into the passage leading to the yard. Behind the kitchen is a printing office, and a room for the editor of *The Worker's Friend*. On Saturday the compositor left work about noon, and the editor then came into the club, which numbers about seventy-five to eighty members. There is a room at the back of the house divided into tenements. Persons of whatever nationality are eligible for election providing they profess Socialistic principles." On the first floor of the club premises, where entertainments and lectures are given, there are three windows looking into the yard. In this room on Saturday night a discussion took place which ceased about midnight. It was attended by about 100 persons, the bulk of whom left the premises by the street door. About thirty members remained behind in the upper room, the windows of which were partly open. The lamp whatever in the yard, and none in Berners-street illuminates it, the only light it receives

being from the house and the club. About ten minutes past twelve I went into the yard, and then saw some lights in the house, as well as in the printing office, where the editor was reading. Some of the club members were singing, and this could be heard in the yard. I looked towards the gate, where there was nothing unusual to attract my attention. I did not see any object on the ground, but, it being dark, anything might have escaped my notice. I afterwards returned to the club, and left by the street door. I saw no one in the yard, and cannot recollect meeting any person in Berners-street. I often proceed home about one a.m., but never see low women about Berners-street, nor in the yard.—Morris Eagle, of 4, New-road, a traveller in jewellery, said he was at the club on Saturday night, and left to see a young woman home at 11.30. He returned at twenty-five minutes to one, and finding the front door closed, entered by the passage into the yard and through the back door. The witness continued: I noticed nothing near the gateway, but the deceased might have been concealed by the darkness. As soon as I entered the yard I could hear singing in the club. I went upstairs, and in about twenty minutes a man named Giddiman came rushing in and said,

### "There is a Woman Lying Dead in the Yard."

I went out, and striking a match found a woman lying with her feet off from the gate, near the club wall, with her head to the street. Others came with me, but seemed frightened to go near. Assuming it was a drunken woman, I said "Get up." There being no reply, I then ignited a match, and was fearfully upset by seeing a woman lying in a lot of blood. I immediately ran away for a policeman, and found two. When we reached the yard again there were some members and some strangers who had been attracted by the cries for the police. One of the constables turned his lantern upon the deceased, and immediately sent his comrades for a doctor, while I went for the inspector. The people surrounding the body did not touch it, as all seemed too frightened to approach. On Saturday night there is a full discussion at the club open to any one. There were some women present on Saturday, but all of them were known to me. There were six or eight, but no strangers. Although there was singing and a little dancing, I believe we should have heard any cries such as "Murder."

### What the Steward Found.

Lewis Diamants, steward of the club in Berners-street, stated that on Saturday he left the club at about 11.30 p.m., and was in charge. He returned home, and found a man on Sunday. He drove home in a kind of costermonger's barrow, which he used as a stall. He always brought his goods home to the club. The witness continued: I drove into the yard through the gates, which were wide open. It was rather dark there. All at once as I came through the gate my pony shied to the left, and caused me to look down on the ground on my right. I could see a heap in the darkness, but was unable to distinguish what it was. I tried with my whip handle to feel what it was, but got for the barrow. Not being able to move it, I jumped down and struck a match, and being a windy night I could not get sufficient light to see much, only that the bundle was a woman. I left the pony in the yard, and entering the club found several members in the front room. I said to them, "There is a woman lying in the yard." I could not state whether she was drunk or dead. I then got a candle and could see there was a great deal of blood before I reached the body. I did not touch it but went off at once for the police. I passed several streets without seeing a constable, and I returned without one. The men with me shouted as loud as they could for the police, but we could not make one hear. When I returned to the club a man whom we met in Grove-street and told about the murder lifted the woman's head, and then for the first time I saw the wound on her throat. At the same time I saw two constables, came up, and a doctor arrived ten minutes later. The woman's clothes were in no way disarranged. She was lying on her side with her face towards the wall of the club. The doctor untied the top of the deceased's dress, and said he found the body was quite warm.—One of the constables corroborated this statement.—I have never seen men and women in the yard, nor have I heard of them being there. Strangers and members of the club were detained, questioned, and searched. Dr. Phillips examined their clothes and hands. It could have been possible for any one to escape unseen while I went into the club to inform the members of my discovery.

### Police Evidence.

On the resumption of the inquiry on Tuesday, Henry Lamb, police-constable 252 H, deposed: About one o'clock on Sunday morning last I was in Commercial-road, between Christian-street and Batty-street. Two men came running to me shouting. I went towards them. They said "Come on, there has been another murder." I asked "Where?" As they pointed down the street. Seeing people moving about some distance down Berners-street, I was followed by another constable, and I went into the gateway of No. 40, Berners-street, and I saw something dark lying on the right hand side, close to the gate. I turned my lamp on and found it was a woman. I observed that her throat was cut, and she appeared to be dead. I at once sent another constable for the nearest doctor. When I looked round the yard after I arrived, there were about thirty people there. Some of them had followed me in. No one was near the body when I got into the yard, and no one was touching the body. As I was examining to see whether there were any other injuries beyond that on the throat, the crowd pressed close in. I begged of them to keep back as they might get blood on their clothes and get themselves into trouble. I put my hand on the face and on the arm. The face was slightly warm. I felt the wrist, but could not feel the pulse. The body was lying on the left side, and her arm was lying under. I did not examine to see if there was anything in the hand. The right arm was lying across the breast. Her face was not more than five or six inches from the wall. Her clothes were not disturbed. No part of her legs was visible, and the boots could scarcely be seen excepting the soles. She looked as if she had laid quietly down. There was no appearance of her having struggled in any way. Her dress was not crumpled. The blood was liquid in some places and in others coagulated. It had run close to the door of the club. I could hardly say whether any blood was flowing from her throat when I first saw the body. If there was it was a very small quantity. Dr. Blackwell examined the body and the surrounding ground and wall. Dr. Phillips arrived about twenty minutes after. Inspector Pinhorn had arrived before that.

### A Search Round.

I had the gate shut before the inspector came, and directly after Dr. Blackwell had finished his examination of the body, in fact, while the examination was going on. The gates were wide open, and though the feet of the deceased came very close to the gate, they did not prevent its being closed without disturbing the body. I put a constable at the gate with instructions to let no one either in or out. I then went into the club, and started from the doorway, so that no one should get out before I saw him. I turned my light on to the dirks by taking them up and looking at them. I looked at all their hands as they were being by their sides. I also examined their clothes. There were from fifteen to twenty persons there. They were in the room on the ground floor. I went into every room, including that in which there is a stage. I saw no traces of blood anywhere. I did not stop the entrance to the front door of the club as I had not a policeman to put there. I did not see anyone leave the club. I did not try the front door to see whether it was locked, and I did not see the key

in it. I went into the yard and looked into the cottages there. The occupants of them were all in bed, except a man who came down half-dressed to let me in. One of the cottages was locked and the other unlocked. All the people in the cottages were untroubled. I examined the recess in the yard, and examined the dustbin. I did not look over the wooden partition in the yard. The people in the cottages seemed frightened. They were not many minutes in opening the door.—The Coroner: Was there anything to prevent a man escaping while you were examining the body? There were a lot of people inside as well as outside the gate. It was possible for him to get away, but I should think he would have been sure to have been noticed with marks of blood upon him. There was much confusion, and the attention of the people was turned towards the body.—Do you think the person might have escaped before you arrived?—It was quite possible; indeed, more likely before than afterwards.

### The Man Who First Touched the Body.

Edward Spooner deposed:—I live at 26, Fairclough-street, and I am a horse-keeper at Messrs. Meredith's. On Sunday morning, between half-past twelve and one o'clock, I was standing outside the Beehive public-house at the corner of Christian-street and Fairclough-street, along with a young woman. We had been in a beer-shop at the corner of Settle-street, Commercial-road, and remained till closing time. I stood at the top of Christian-street for a few minutes, and then walked down the street. We had been standing there about five and twenty minutes, I suppose, when two Jews came running along. They hallooed out "Murder!" "Police!" They ran far as Grove-street and turned back. I stopped them and asked what was the matter. They said, "There has been a woman murdered in Berners-street." I went with them to the yard adjoining No. 40. I saw a young woman lying just inside the gate. There were about fifteen people in the yard standing round, most of them Jews. They were not touching her. I could see it was a young woman before they struck a light. One of the Jews struck a match and I lifted up the chin. The chin was slightly warm. Blood was still flowing from the throat. I did not feel any other part of the body. I noticed she had a piece of paper doubled up in her right hand, and a red and white flower pinned on her breast. I am sure I did not move the position of her head at all. The body was lying on one side, with the face turned towards the wall. The blood was running down the gutter. I stood by the side of the deceased about five minutes, till Police-constable Lamb came. I did not notice any one leave while I stood there, and I cannot say whether any one did or did not. I should think, however, none did, as there were too many people about. I believe it was about twenty-five minutes to one o'clock when I ran round to the yard. The legs were drawn up. I noticed none of the clothes were disturbed. I saw a Police-constable Lamb, and I stepped back. I helped him to fasten the gate. Before I left I was examined by Dr. Phillips, and gave my name and address. Directly I got inside the yard I could see there was a woman there.

### Startling Identification of a Sister.

Mary Malcolm, called and examined: I live at 50, Eagle-street, Red Lion-square, Holborn. I am married. My husband, Andrew Malcolm, who is now alive, I have seen the body in the mortuary. I saw it on Sunday last and twice on Monday.—Who is it?—My sister, Elizabeth Watts.—You have no doubt about that?—I had at first, but now I have none whatever.—When did you last see her alive?—Last Thursday, September 27th, at a quarter before seven o'clock in the evening. She came to me where I work at the tailoring at 59, Red Lion-street, Holborn. I am a trousers maker. She came to me to ask me to give her a little assistance, which I have been in the habit of doing for the last few years. I saw her a shilling, and a little short black jacket. That is not the jacket she was wearing when I found her. She was only a few moments with me. She did not say where she was going.—Where was she living?—I don't know exactly, but I knew it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the tailoring Jews, and somewhere at the East-end. I understood she was living in lodgings.—Did you know what she was doing for a living?—Witness (sobbing): I had my doubts.—Was she the worse for drink at the time?—No.—But sometimes she was the worse for drink?—Unfortunately, that was a failing of hers.—How old was she?—Thirty-seven on the 27th of last month.

### A History of her Life.

Was she married? Yes, to the son of Mr. Watts, a large wine and spirit merchant in Walcott-street, Bath. I believe her husband's name is Edward.—Is he in partnership with his father?—I believe her husband is now in America. His father sent him away.—Had the husband got into trouble?—No.—What did his father send him away for?—On account of my sister.—When did she leave him?—About eight years ago, I cannot say exactly. Her husband sent her home to my poor mother with the two children. The little girl, I believe, is dead, and the boy is at a boarding-school. I believe Miss Watts, the sister of the husband, has the boy. Her mother died in 1883.—Was your sister, the deceased, subject to epileptic fits?—No, not so far as I know. She was a very excitable woman and had drunken fits.—Do you know has she ever been before the Thames police magistrates?—Yes, I believe so.—On a charge of drunkenness?—Yes.—Has she not been left off in consequence of its being proved she was subject to epileptic fits?—Yes.—Do you believe so?—You don't believe she was subject to them?—No, I am certain she was not. Deceased lived with a man. I don't know his name.—Detective-inspector Reid: Did your sister live with a man who kept a coffee-stall at Poplar?—Yes. His name was not Stride. I think it was Dent. I will try to find out by to-morrow. This man went to sea, and was wrecked on the Isle of St. Paul's.—The Coroner: How long ago was that?—About three and a half years. I can tell you all to-morrow.—Has she lived with any one since then?—Not to my knowledge with her. I have never heard her having any trouble with any man. She always brought her trouble to me. I never heard her say she was afraid of any one. (Witness, who was sobbing while giving her evidence, and seemed much affected, here ejaculated, "Poor old soul.")—By the Coroner: How often did you see her?—She used to come and see me every Saturday afternoon at four o'clock, and I used to give her 2s. She did not come to me last Saturday. The Thursday visit was an unusual one.—Did you think it was strange she did not come on Saturday?—I did.—Has she ever missed Saturday?—Not for two or three years. She used to meet me at the Saturday afternoons at four o'clock, at the corner of Chancery-lane. I was there last Saturday from half past three, and I remained till five. She did not turn up as usual. On Sunday morning, when I read the paper, as my sister had not turned up on Saturday as usual, some presentiment came to my mind that it was my sister. I went down to Whitechapel, and met a policeman, to whom I described my sister. He conducted me to St. George's Mortuary, and when I first saw the body I did not recognise it as that of my sister. It was daylight when I first saw her, between nine and ten o'clock at night. She used to have beautiful black wavy hair.

### A Sad Presentiment.

Did you have some presentiment that this was your sister? I was lying on my bed about twenty minutes past one o'clock on Sunday morning, and I felt a pressure on my bed, and I heard three kisses quite distinctly. My sister never broke any limbs to my knowledge.—By the Coroner: There was a small black mark on your leg, and I saw this on the body of the deceased. I had not seen it for more than twenty years. I said I could recognise the body by this particular mark before I saw it. It was from the bite of an adder. We were rolling on the mowing green when we were children. The adder

bit me, and I have the mark on my hand. It then bit my sister on the leg.—Has your husband seen your sister? Yes; once, about sixteen years ago. He won't come to see the body. I have a brother and a sister, but they have never seen her for years. My sister lives in Folkestone, and my brother in Bath. These are the only people who could identify her. (Witness again broke down, and sobbed out: "It will kill my sister. Oh, the distress to my family.") There is no one at the place I work at who could identify her, as I kept that from every one; I was so ashamed. Deceased had a hollowiness in the right foot, and the absence of this made me doubt that it really was my sister, but I think it must have passed away in death. The cause of the hollowiness was an accident; she was run over by a machine about three years ago. The Coroner: Perhaps after she got the money the hollowiness disappeared? I do not know whether she ever got the money. I cannot recognise the clothes, as I never noticed what she wore. She left a baby naked outside my door.—One of those two you spoke of? Oh, dear, no! She had this one by some policeman, I believe. She left it with me, and I had to keep it till she fetched it away again. I believe that child died in Bath. She took it down there with her. She was a girl that any one would like. I do not think that a photograph of her remains in our family at all. My brother has seen her once.—By the Coroner: Did you think it unusual that she came to you on a Thursday? No, she came occasionally in the week, but not often. She said she had no money to pay her lodging, and she appealed to me for some assistance. I said,

### "Oh, Elizabeth, you are a Curse to Me."

—By the Coroner: Deceased had come regularly to me every Saturday for nearly three years past, and I had given her 2s. She might have been locked up for drunkenness on a Saturday night, but only after she had been to see me. I am quite confident it is my sister. I will go to Chancery-lane on Saturday next and see if she turns up as usual, and make certain.—Dr. Frederick William Blackwell deposed: I reside at 100, Commercial-road. On Sunday morning last I was called to 40, Berners-street, at ten minutes past one o'clock. I am sure of the time. I was called by a policeman. My assistant, Mr. Johnson, went back with the policeman. I followed immediately I had dressed. I saw the woman lying on the ground, and it was just suited my wish on seeing her lying on her left side completely across the yard. Her legs were drawn up; her feet against the wall on the right side of the yard passage. Her head was resting almost in the carriage-wheel rut. Her feet were about three yards from the gateway, and almost touching the wall. The neck and chest were quite warm, also the legs and the face slightly so. The hands were cold. The right arm was lying on the chest, and was smeared with blood. The right hand was open. The left hand was lying on the ground, and was partially closed. It contained a small packet of material, and it was just suited my wish on seeing her lying on her left side completely across the yard. Her legs were drawn up; her feet against the wall on the right side of the yard passage. Her head was resting almost in the carriage-wheel rut. Her feet were about three yards from the gateway, and almost touching the wall. The neck and chest were quite warm, also the legs and the face slightly so. The hands were cold. The right arm was lying on the chest, and was smeared with blood. The right hand was open. The left hand was lying on the ground, and was partially closed. 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## "THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

One-fourth of the foreigners in France were born on French soil.

Cardinal Moran is to be the next recipient of the freedom of Dublin.

From Khartoum comes the assertion that the Khalifa Abdullah is dead.

Baron Sackville died at Knowles, Sevenoaks, this week, and is succeeded by the Hon. Lionel Sackville West, British Minister at Washington.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., is now sojourning at Tullamore Gaol. He has been removed thither from Westford.

Mrs. Driver, a Sunninghill lady, has presented £1,000 to the Royal Holloway College as a fund for prizes.

In 1886 the total number of foreigners in France was 1,126,531, or just 8 per cent. of the whole population.

Mrs. Staines, of Dalkeith, Cincinnati, dragged her two children into the water with her. All three were drowned.

The drought in Gujarat and other provinces of Bombay is reported to be increasing. A famine is imminent.

Lord Lurgan has sold his entire estate in Ireland to his tenants, merely retaining in his own possession the castle demesne.

Calcutta has now got a society paper, and it is called the *Empress*. It confines its attentions only to the Anglo-Indian community.

Mr. Murray, of Coatbridge, was staying at a Glasgow hotel. When picked up after he had fallen down a flight of stairs he was found to be dead.

Last week, on the Hudson, a pleasure party were overturned and drowned. Just before the accident they had been singing "Lost in the Woods."

The late Nawab Wazid Ali Shah, ex-Nawab of Oudh, has left behind him no more than 300 rupees for all of whom the Government has allowed pensions ranging from Rs. 200 down to Rs. 10.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts unveiled a statue of the late Lord Shaftesbury in Westminster Abbey on Monday afternoon. It stands close to the western door, and bears a characteristic likeness to the deceased nobleman.

The winter session of the medical schools in connection with the different London hospitals was inaugurated on Monday by introductory lectures at the majority, and with dinners and conversations at others.

It is announced from Brussels that a German syndicate has undertaken the construction of a central railway from Guildford to Geraldton, in Western Australia. The concession had been previously declined by an English syndicate.

The Provost of Dundee and the magistrates have resolved in favour of conferring the freedom of the borough on Mr. Ritchie, as a recognition of his conduct of the Local Government Bill through Parliament.

A singular libel suit is said to be pending. A Hindu Sabha (association) at Dacca is to be the plaintiff. It says it will prosecute Baboo Chandi Charan Sen for his assertion that 99 per cent. of Hindu widows were unchaste.

The chiefs Edmund Sandulli, Matanzania, Gungubelle, Tini, Mogomo, and Guma, all of whom have been imprisoned since the war of 1875, and have lately been released by the Government, have arrived at Grahams town on their way home.

The Dublin Express points out that among the landlords who rent to be cut down by the Land Commission is the corporation of Dublin.

"This," the Express says, "is a suggestive comment on the professions of this patriotic body."

Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., paid a visit to Glasgow on Monday, to fulfil an engagement with the Conservatives of the district. The Liberal Unionists took an opportunity to present a congratulatory address to the Irish Secretary, who replied to it in a brief speech.

At the Mansion House Police Court, Sidney Ellis, a clerk, has been sentenced to two months' hard labour for having embezzled £10, the money of his employers, Messrs. Pitt and Scott, of Cannon-street. It was stated that the prisoner's defalcations amounted to £250.

James Ford, a farmer, lived at Columbus, Ind. While suffering from delirium caused by fear, he straggled from his bed and made an attack upon his wife and two children. He seized a chair and killed the youngest child, a babe, and fatally injured his wife and 10-year old son.

An historic figure is dead. Countess Bathyni was the widow of the Hungarian Premier, Count Louis Bathyni. He was sentenced to death in 1848. She married a doctor into his prison, thus enabling him to wound his throat, so that he was shot, and not hung.

A down train had just passed through Colchester, when a carriage containing a party of Marine Artillery and Infantry from Chatham for Harwich, struck the points and fell over. Two men were badly hurt, and several other persons bruised and shaken, and the whole detachment was detained at Colchester.

The tenants occupying rooms on the ground floor of No. 3, Tanfield-court, Temple, have now all vacated their chambers. The upper portions of this building having been incorporated into the Inner Temple Library some time since. No. 3, Tanfield-court will now consist of the basement chambers only.

A Reuter's telegram from Victoria, Van Conner's Island, on Thursday, states that while firing a salute in honour of General Sir P. F. Miles, the commander-in-chief of the Dominion Militia, the breach of one of the guns on board Her Majesty's cruiser Caroline blew out. One of the bluejackets was killed and another injured.

A special meeting of Middlesex magistrates was held at the Sessions House, Wickham, on Thursday, under the presidency of Colonel Sir Francis Morley, K.C.B., for the purpose of hearing applications for music, dancing, and racing licences. There were about 500 applications which were unopposed, and disposed of.

John William Buckingham, a police constable, has been committed for trial from Greenwich Police Court on the charge of bigamy. In the marriage certificates which were put in evidence by the prosecution there was a difference in the Christian names, and the woman whom the prisoner is alleged to have bigamously married said that the accused told her that the woman who stated that she was his first wife was married to his twin brother.

Two sisters of St. Vincent de Paul recently captured the Sultan. A poor Mussulman had been condemned to death. The sisters were moved to compassion by the distress of his eight children. They decided to visit Abdul Hamid. He received them graciously, listened to their eloquent appeal, and sent them to the prison, that they might release the condemned man with their own hands. He further assured them that they would be always welcome at the palace.

A duel has taken place near Wiener-Neustadt between Count Sternberg and Count Andor Szechenyi. Although two bullets were fired on either side neither duellist was wounded. Recent statistics prove that duelling is going out of fashion in Austria-Hungary, probably because it is no longer confined to the nobility, or, as a well-known Hungarian duellist said, "Our billiard-markers and barbers have of late years discovered that they also have an honour to defend."

At Highgate Police Court, Henry Bigwell has been bound over to keep the peace, charged with disorderly conduct near Hornsey. It was alleged that the prisoner was one of the principals in a prize fight, and evidence was given by a police constable to the effect that he saw the accused and another man fight two rounds in the presence of a number of spectators. The constable was, however, seen and the crowd fled, pursued by the officer. After running for a considerable distance, the prisoner fell down, exhausted, and was arrested.

The defence was that the combatants were merely settling a quarrel.

The personal estate of the late Duke of Rutland has been declared at £109,951 19s. 5d.

The exports from the United States for the past week amounted in value to \$7,193,742.

The Emperor William visits the Pope on the 12th, the day after his arrival in Rome.

A tree containing nearly twenty railons of honey has been cut down near Knoxville, Georgia.

About 1,700 miners have struck work at Whitehaven with the view of securing an advance of wages.

Hansom cabs, which were introduced in St. Louis about four years ago, have not proved a success there.

An insect called the "nuka-mushi" has appeared in large numbers in Tajima, and is working much mischief to the rice crop.

The reorganisation of the navy is to be the subject of a measure to be introduced into the German Imperial Parliament next session.

Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, has ordered his clergy not to permit a collection for the Farnell Fund at the church gates.

Snow fell on Monday in Scotland and the northern counties of England. On the coast of North Wales there were frequent hail showers.

In the United States the Republicans are beginning a vigorous campaign by means of mass meetings.

It is satisfactory to find that, with the exception of certain flooded districts in Eastern Bengal, where some scarcity will probably prevail, the Indian harvest is fairly good.

For the last quarter the revenue returns of Victoria amounted to £2,125,000, showing an increase of £134,000 over the corresponding period of last year.

The Vienna beauty, Frau Stuckert, who gained a prize at the "Spa Beauty Show," has been engaged to appear at a popular Berlin theatre.

More than one-half of the letters mailed and carried by the postal service of the world are written, mailed, and read by the English-speaking populations.

The Duke of Cambridge visited Aldershot on Thursday, to inspect the troops quartered there, this being the last visit his Royal highness will make before the close of the drill season.

St. Dunstan's College, Stanstead-road, Catford, built out of the funds of St. Dunstan's Charity, was opened on Monday. The building will accommodate 400 boys, day pupils, and sixty boarders.

At Windsor, preparations have been commenced for the erection of a new goods depot, which is included in the scheme for the re-arrangement of the Great Western Railway Company's terminus.

It is now announced that the Salt Syndicate has practically secured a monopoly of the salt mines of the country. There has been an advance in the price of shares in salt works, but it is said the reaction will be speedy.

The Dorking coach horses, which have been regularly working on the road from London this season, were sold at Messrs. Tattersall's, Albert-gate repository, on Monday, and realised sums ranging from 40 to 145 guineas.

It was officially announced that twenty-two officers of Militia and Volunteer corps passed last month at the school of instruction at Wellington Barracks, three obtaining field officers' certificates and nineteen those of captains.

An explosion occurred in Paris in the Quartier Bonne Nouvelle, which injured the right hand of a passer by. Later in the day a copper tube, which appears to have contained nitro-glycerine, was found by the police.

Lambeth Bridge, which for some time past has been undergoing repair and has been closed against traffic, was reopened this week. There are now four gates at each end of the bridge, which will enable the police to regulate the traffic without difficulty.

The Admiralty have given permission for 400 additional men to be employed at Devonport Dockyard on task and job work, the local officials being anxious to complete the building of the new vessels now on hand during the present financial year.

The Board of Trade have ordered the principal railway companies to supply them with returns showing every occasion during two typical months, this year and last, on which any man concerned with the working of the traffic was on duty for more than twelve hours continuously.

On appeal the Supreme Court of Madrid has confirmed the decision of a provincial tribunal condemning a Spanish Protestant to five days' imprisonment with a fine of a pound and costs, for having persisted in remaining with his hat on when he met a Catholic procession.

The Nouvelle Revue of this month publishes an article from Madame Edmond Adam, who assumes that in the event of another Franco-German war, Germany will, by virtue of an understanding with Belgium, advance upon France through Belgian territory.

The fund for the erection of a memorial in the new cemetery at Evreux, Brussels, over the remains of the officers and men who fell in the Waterloo campaign, which has now closed, has resulted in the collection of £2,400, of which the Government have contributed £500.

Hamburg shipowners are by extra efforts creating a brisker competition with English owners. At the present moment there are being built for Hamburg firms no fewer than forty-two steamers, and seventeen in England. The largest tonnage of any of which is 7,500 tons. Nearly all of them are at least of 1,600 tons register.

At the Great Northern Railway Station, Nottingham, on Thursday, as some men were cleaning the carriages which formed part of the train from Burton-upon-Trent, a light green card-box was found under the seat, and it contained the body of a female child about three weeks old terribly emaciated.

Before the departure of the Russian Prince from Constantinople, the Sultan presented the Grand Duchess with a tiara of brilliants, and the Grand Dukes with beautiful carpets, oriental curiosities, silk and damask tissues, and other rich specimens of Ottoman art and industry, with which his Majesty's guests were highly pleased.

At Cardiff, Marguerite d'Enfant, a young French lady from Angiers, jumped from the pierhead at the dock. She was rescued by a life boat constable after a long struggle, but died later. It is stated that she had followed a young Frenchman who has been recently engaged by a local firm.

The body of Mr. Thomas Evans, chief booking clerk of the London and North-Western Railway Company at Crewe, was found in a brook near that town the other night. In his pocket was found a table-knife, and this, together with the circumstance that he was previously seen loitering about the place, seems to indicate that he committed suicide.

The annual distribution of prizes to the members of the City of London Young Men's Christian Association was held on Monday evening at their rooms in Aldersgate-street. Mr. J. D. Allcroft, who presided, commended the practice of the committee in giving prizes for athletic competitions as well as for various branches of knowledge.

Near Basinstoke, in a field adjoining Dummer Clump, an interesting discovery of prehistoric remains has been made. So far six urns have been discovered, and stone implements of various rude form have been found in the field in immediate relation with the vessels, although none have actually been discovered buried with the pottery.

Colonel H. Vincent, M.P., delivered his inaugural address as president to the members of the National Thrift Society. He alluded to the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury, and expressed the hope that his year of office would be marked by a campaign of vigorous work in furtherance of

the objects of the society in various parts of the country.

An instance of America's protective import duty: A Bostonian bought a Venetian gondola for £400. The customs duty was £20 4s.

The Customs revenue of New Zealand for the past six months has proved to be £22,000 less than the estimates.

The total number of prisoners in the 741 gaols and lock-ups in India during the last year was 648,741, 426,886 being males and 22,055 females.

The Dudley Town Council have adopted a resolution in favour of Cannock Chase as the new Wimbledon.

A Calcutta coroner's jury has returned a verdict of wilful murder against the husband in the case of a child-wife, aged 11, who was lately found in her bed-room with her throat cut.

Of the thirty persons who presented themselves at the Massachusetts State House for examination as stenographers and type-writers, twenty-two were young women.

Intelligence received from Hayti on Thursday announces that a conflict has occurred between the forces of General Thelmaque and Legitimio, in which the former was killed.

Thomas Mann has been remanded at Sunderland charged with biting a woman's nose off. He spit it out of his mouth, and it was picked up and sewn on at the hospital.

Samuel Brown, who had been accused of having killed four men, was himself shot dead by a cowboy, named Williams, in a quarrel at Harville mining camp, Wyoming.

The death-rate of Kensington is far lower than that of London as a whole, being 18·4 per 1,000 living, against the London rate of 19·6, and 18·3 for England and Wales.

Eleven theatres would appear to be insufficient for the amusement of the people of the city of Kyoto, as it is now announced that a new theatre will be opened by a company.

The Empress Frederick has bought a fine villa, called the Villa Reiss, near Cronberg, among the Taunus mountains. It is most picturesquely situated, and has a demesne of more than 100 acres.

The Association of Corn Millers decided to advance the price of flour 1s. 6d. per bag of 48 stones. The advance is on account of the rise in prices abroad and the poor condition of English wheat.

An Odessa telegram states that three large guns, weighing forty-nine tons each, have just been despatched from the Abuchov Arsenal, where they were cast, for the new men-of-war of the Black Sea Fleet.

At Ashford on Tuesday the great annual sales of Kent rams were commenced. No extraordinary prices were made, but there was a good general average, the prices running from about 47 10s. to £220.

Mr. Burnett, on behalf of the Board of Trade, has visited Sedgley to make inquiries into the condition of the operatives in the nail and chain trades. The proceedings were conducted in private.

George W. Millikin was recently found guilty of murdering his wife, in Shaw's town, Illinois. He was sentenced to be hanged on November 23. His defence was sentenced to fifty years' imprisonment for being an accomplice.

Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of Salisbury, says that sometimes schools are places where almost more harm than good is learned, because the wits of children, brought up without religion, may be sharpened only to be depraved.

J. W. Robinson, a prominent oil contractor in Lima, Indiana, was shot and killed by Michael Rhinehart. It is not known what caused the shooting, as the men were conversing in a friendly manner when it occurred.

A granite house in Rowan county, Va., erected in 1760, is still owned and tenanted by descendants of the builder. The fireplace is eight feet wide, five feet high and five feet deep. The house is in a good state of preservation.

The British Consul at Chicago doubts whether the higher wages of the American workman goes farther than the wages do here, or whether the American workman is better off. Rent, clothing, living, and many of the necessities of life are far more costly.

The Cuban cyclone destroyed so much tobacco leaf in the Yuelto Abajo district, where the finest cigars in the world come from, that great additional strain will be put on Lancaster county tobacco growers, and the Brooklyn makers of the Yuelto cigars.

In Fort Wayne, Indiana, Charles Klein attempted to shoot his wife, and, failing, beat her on the head with the butt-end of his revolver until he thought she was dead. He then committed suicide by shooting himself through the temple. Jealousy was the cause.

It is reported from Berlin, in connection with the publication of the Emperor Frederick's diary, that in the search at Herr Gefken's residence a number of letters written by Mr. Gladstone and Sir Morrell Mackenzie were discovered. He has been arrested and declared to be irresponsible for his actions.

The unpaid Turkish legions are growing at the manner in which money has been wasted in presents for the Russian Imperial visitors who were recently there. The medal given to the Grand Duchess Sergius by the Sultan alone cost £3,000. Other presents to the grand dukes and their suites were proportionately lavish.

For injuries sustained by his son, aged 14, through being bitten by a "mischievous and ferocious" donkey, a county court jury at Rampton awarded £10 damages and costs to Mr. P. Ince, of Widnes, against the owner of the donkey, Mr. J. Carter, of Frodsham Bridge. The defence was that the donkey was very "playful" and that it followed men and boys for scraps of bread.

The re-organisation of the Sydney defences undertaken by the New South Wales Government includes the increase of the colonial force from 5,884 to 8,820 men, the laying down of a network of submarine mines—over 6,000 in all—the re-organisation of the torpedo branch, and important alterations in the construction and armament of the harbour forts.

The metropolitan police at Portsmouth have been engaged in investigating the circumstances under which the "Whitehead Torpedo Manual," a confidential book, has been abstracted. The same correspondent states that a captain in the Royal Engineers has been arrested for showing an American over secret parts of Spithead ports, contrary to the regulations.

A man named John Cruets was found dead in Druid-hill Park, Baltimore. The coroner thought the man, who had been drinking, seated himself on a bench and fell asleep. He had dropped over on his chest, and then his stiff celluloid collar stopped the windpipe and checked the flow of blood through the already contracted veins, causing death to ensue from asphyxia and apoplexy.

Mr. Balfour spoke the other night at the workmen's meeting, held in the Manchester Free Trade Hall, in connection with the Church Congress. The relation of Christianity to the needs of mankind was the theme of his address, and he contended that, notwithstanding what was said about the conflict of religion and science, religion appealed as forcibly, perhaps more strongly, to the hearts of men than it ever did before. Mr. Balfour afterwards read a paper at a sectional meeting in the concert hall.

At the meeting connected with the Church Congress, in Manchester, this week, the Rev. Nigel Madan introduced the subject of "gambling and betting," and among the numerous speakers in the discussion which followed were the Dean of Hereford, the Rev. Charles Goldney, and Canon Knox Little. Gambling and betting were described as an undoubted and great evil, which was running a neck and neck race with drunkenness, the latter decreasing as the other increased. Gambling and betting were pursuits subversive of

the Commandments, and dishonest and unmanly in their nature.

Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., is expected on the 25th inst. to address a meeting at Middlebrough.

Mr. Hayes is the only living ex-President of the United States. He completed his 68th year on Thursday.

No less than 3,522 patients were relieved during September at the Great Northern Central Hospital.

William Clarton was in custody at Lowestoft for larceny. He escaped his trial by committing suicide in his cell.

The new hall of residence for lady students at the University College of North Wales at Bangor contains accommodation for forty students.

All attempts at an amicable arrangement between the King and Queen of Serbia have failed as the Queen refuses to accept the terms offered.

In Trinity county, California, several nights ago a man named Iverson, who had shown symptoms of insanity, shot and killed his wife, and then committed suicide.

The Mayor of Leeds on Wednesday opened the Palace Fine Art Gallery, which forms a portion of the municipal buildings erected by the Leeds Corporation at a cost of £135,000.

The Governor of Yokohama is negotiating for the transport of railway material to be bought in Austria for a railway line 125 miles long, to be constructed in one of the provinces of Japan.

The Royal yacht Victoria and Albert is to leave Portsmouth on November 12th for Flushing, to embark the Empress Frederick of Germany, who is coming on a visit to her Majesty.

It is reported that the investment of Suakin is disapproved by Osman Digma, and that dissensions are rife among the rebel leaders at Sarrah and Dongola.

The New York authorities have permitted a party of Mormon emigrants, including fifteen children, who had previously been detained, to proceed to Utah.

The preparations for the expedition to the Black Mountain tribes have been completed, and the various columns will start in the course of the present week.

A Capetown telegram states that the Bechuana chief Montala has sent an official protest to the Cape Government, declaring that he will never submit to the annexation of Bechuana land to Cape Colony.

Police-constable Murphy, 140 F., was fined 40s. at the Hammersmith Police Court for assaulting Philip Head, a horse keeper. The constable accused Head of assaulting him, but this charge was dismissed.

Sir J. Puleston, M.P., on Wednesday unveiled the Bedford Pim Memorial at the Seamen's Institute, Bristol, in the presence of delegates from the various pilot organisations of the United Kingdom and the United States.

As showing the speculative character of the American corn trade, it is mentioned that on Wednesday 40,000,000 bushels of wheat were brought to New York and sold. Dealings are very excited. Flour is rising.

A prisoner at Helmsington, who had stolen some 6s. from the pocket of one of his comrades, was lately sentenced to thirty lashes, to stand one hour in the pillory, and to three years' imprisonment with hard labour.

An understanding having been arrived at, the strike of colliers in the Ebbw Vale district concluded on Wednesday. The matters in dispute are to be referred to Mr. Edwards, M.P., representing the men, and Mr. Edwards Jones for the employers, their decision to be final.

On the occasion of his visit to Munich, the Emperor William expressed to the burgomaster the satisfaction he felt at visiting Bavaria, and his desire to perpetuate the good feeling which had always existed between the reigning Houses of Bavaria and Prussia.

An empty train of carriages, on being detached from the engine at Baldon, near Bradford, on Thursday morning ran down an incline on the Hillyer branch towards Bradford. It attained a great speed, but fortunately, before it reached the main line, it was turned off into a siding by the switchman.

The recent conferences on fruit-growing have resulted in the formation of the Fruit-growers' League to promote the extension of fruit-growing in this country, and the league has established a National Horticultural and Training College at Swanley, Kent, which will be opened on the 15th inst.

The Church Missionary Society on Wednesday held a meeting in St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, for the voluntary dismissal of a band of forty-five missionaries, twenty-five of whom are returning to the field, and twenty are new recruits. Already nearly twenty others have departed, chiefly going to Africa. Eight of the new recruits are University men.

At Frenchpark, Roscommon, a purse of sovereigns has been presented by the Nationalists to Mr. David Sheehy, M.P., who was imprisoned for two months in Sligo Gaol for advising Lord de Freyne's tenants to pay rents on the "plan of campaign" system. Mr. Sheehy stated that the "plan of campaign" would be adhered to wherever it was necessary to do so.

Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., who presided this week at the annual entertainment of the Hickey Science and Art Classes, in the Morley Hall, said he was glad to be told that, though the sphere of the action of the classes had been limited, they had been attended with success in a marked degree. In all, 1,300 pupils had been enrolled since their foundation.

The sexton of the parish church at Colnbrook, Bucks, an elderly man named Brandon, was found to have committed suicide on Tuesday in the building. He left home between eight and nine o'clock in the morning for the ostensible purpose of attending to his duties at the church, and three or four hours later was found there lifeless, having destroyed himself by hanging.

At Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, where Messrs. Hobbs are erecting a huge block of residential flats, facing Sloane-street, some workmen were engaged on Wednesday night in hoisting a load of concrete flooring, when the chain and "gib" of the crane broke and fell with a heavy crash, which was heard for a distance of half a mile. Several passers-by narrowly escaped injury, and one of the workmen had his leg slightly grazed.

The Marquis of Hartington was presented on Tuesday with the freedom of the burgh of Nairn, and in acknowledging the compliment said he regarded it as a proof of the widespread disposition to give generous recognition to the manner in which politicians endeavoured to discharge their duty. The Scottish burghs had played an honourable part in the history of their country, and to them was due the spirit of independence and self-reliance which distinguished the Scottish nation.

At Sheffield Town Hall, George Wild, aged 15, was charged with placing an obstruction on the Midland Railway, near Grimesthorpe Junction. A driver approaching the junction noticed the prisoner and another lad placing stones on the down rail. Seven stones, it was discovered, had been put on the track, and they were smeared with slime to make them stick to the rail. The obstruction might have broken the springs of the engine or thrown some of the carriages off the line. The youth, who was found guilty of theft also, was sent to prison for a month. Afterwards he will go to a reformatory for five years.

The Rev. Samuel Rogers, vicar of St. Mark's, summoned three of his parishioners at the Liverpool Police Court for brawling in church. The reverend gentleman, in a sermon, said, "You are one of those who will be in hell soon." One of the defendants, who took this to apply to him, leaped on the seat and told the minister not to be personal. A scene of great uproar followed, in which another of the defendants participated. The third defendant was discharged, but the

other two were bound over to keep the peace for three months.

The first lifeboat ever launched at Gibraltar was christened this week. It was subscribed for to commemorate the jubilee of the Queen.

Last week the death-rate in London was 16·0 per 1,000, as compared with 16·3 and 15·8 in the two preceding weeks.

A serious outbreak of cholera is reported to have occurred at Macao, a Portuguese seaport and settlement at the mouth of the Canton river.

George Nicholson, journeyman baker, was committed for trial, at Birmingham, on the charge of murdering his wife, whom he savagely attacked with a hatchet at Aston some days ago.

The American President has approved the Chinese Exclusion Bill, and has sent to Congress a message giving reasons for his action, which are designed to gratify the feeling entertained on the subject along the Pacific coast.

The Emperor of Austria on Tuesday opened the National Pomological Exhibition in Vienna with great ceremony. About 2,000 landed proprietors, including many peasants, exhibit more than 10,000 different species of fruit.

The revenue from April 1st to September 25th, amounted to £28,157,865, as compared with £27,677,276 in the previous corresponding period; and the expenditure to £41,514,429, as against £41,202,206.

The Duke of Cambridge has conferred the silver medal for meritorious service upon Quartermaster-sergeant F. Lowe, late of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, and Paymaster-sergeant J. Clarke, late 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade.

At a late secret meeting of the Emin Pasha Committee, in Berlin, it was resolved that the despatch of the German expedition must depend on the situation along the Cameroonian coast, which at present is not very encouraging.

At the Ballinacree Great October Fair, which was devoted to the sale of the stock on Tuesday, the supply appeared to be smaller than last year, and sales proceeded rapidly at prices about 5s. a head higher than last year.

The leading spinners in the Wigan district have adopted the proposal to run the mills short time, and, with one or two exceptions, all the concerns are now working only three days per week. The number of spindles thus affected is nearly half a million.

The South American Law Congress, now sitting in Monte Video, has been asked to recognise proprietorship in literary and artistic works and the patents and trade marks. The proposals have been favourably received by the Congress, and will probably be adopted.

At the Lambeth Police Court, Edward Edwards, a barman, and a boy who refused to give his

Choccolate Essence.-(Advt.)



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Swelling after Meals, Distress and Drowsiness, Cold  
Cuts, Flushings of Head,  
Obstruction and Flatulences on the Skin, Disturbed  
Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensa-  
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### Inquest--Identified at Last.

### Evidence of a Sister.

## How They Lived.

### The "Deputy's" Story.

### The Policeman on Duty.

### Scene of the Crime.

Frederick William Foster, 23, Old Jewry, produced plans of Mitre-square, with the route from Warner-street to Mitre-street, a distance of three

### Condition of the Body.

### Medical Evidence.

### Cuts and Wounds.

### Other Mutilations.

### therine Eddowes' Career.

A Wolverhampton correspondent says additional interest has been given in Wolverhampton to the London horrors, owing to the discovery that the victim of the Mitre-square tragedy is a native of that town, where several relatives still reside. A married woman named Croote, wife of Jess Croote, a horse-dealer, and an aunt of the woman named Ladowes, who lives in Edinstown-street, Wolverhampton, have been interviewed. The

## THE BERNER-STREET MURDER.

### The Resumed Inquest.

### Medical View of the Knife Found.

### The Anatomical Skill Displayed

### Another Medical View

#### A Swede's Evidence of Identity.

### When Last Seen Alive.

### He Wore a Long Overcoat."

t, James Brown, 35, Fairclough-street, deposed  
y placing the body in the mortuary, and recognising

## A Policeman Saw the Man.

## FRESH MURDERS

**A Telegram and Letter from "Jack the Ripper."**

## The Man With the Black Bag

## Drank It Down at a Gulp

Asking permission to go into the yard or the hen house, he went there, but the dairyman caught a glimpse of something white, and, having suspicions, rejoined the man in the shed, and was surprised to observe that he had covered up his trousers with a pair of white overalls, such as engineers wear. The man had a staring look, and appeared greatly agitated. He made a movement forward, and the brim of his hard felt hat struck the dairyman, who is, therefore, certain of the kind the man was wearing. In a hurried manner the stranger took up his satchel, slipped on his hat, and ran to the ground, a white jacket flying up, but it was completely hiding his cutaway by the time he was gone. Meanwhile, "It's a dreadful murder, isn't it?" although the subject had not been previously mentioned. Without making a pause the suspicious person caught up his bag, which was still open, and rushed into the street, towards Shadwell, saying, "I think I've got a clue."

The matter was reported to the police, and, although strict watch has been maintained for the reappearance of the man he has not been seen.

### Curious Statement from America

### Release of Suspects.

## The "Medical Student's" Confession

In connection with the arrest of James Johnson, an American, who, as reported in the *People's* last week, was remanded at the Dalston Police Court on a charge of assaulting a woman at Richmond-road, Dalston, and threatening to stab her, it should be mentioned that Johnson was subsequently discharged, there being no foundation for the woman's assertion.

CITY, Saturday.

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Copiano, —.	Musore, 3½.

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